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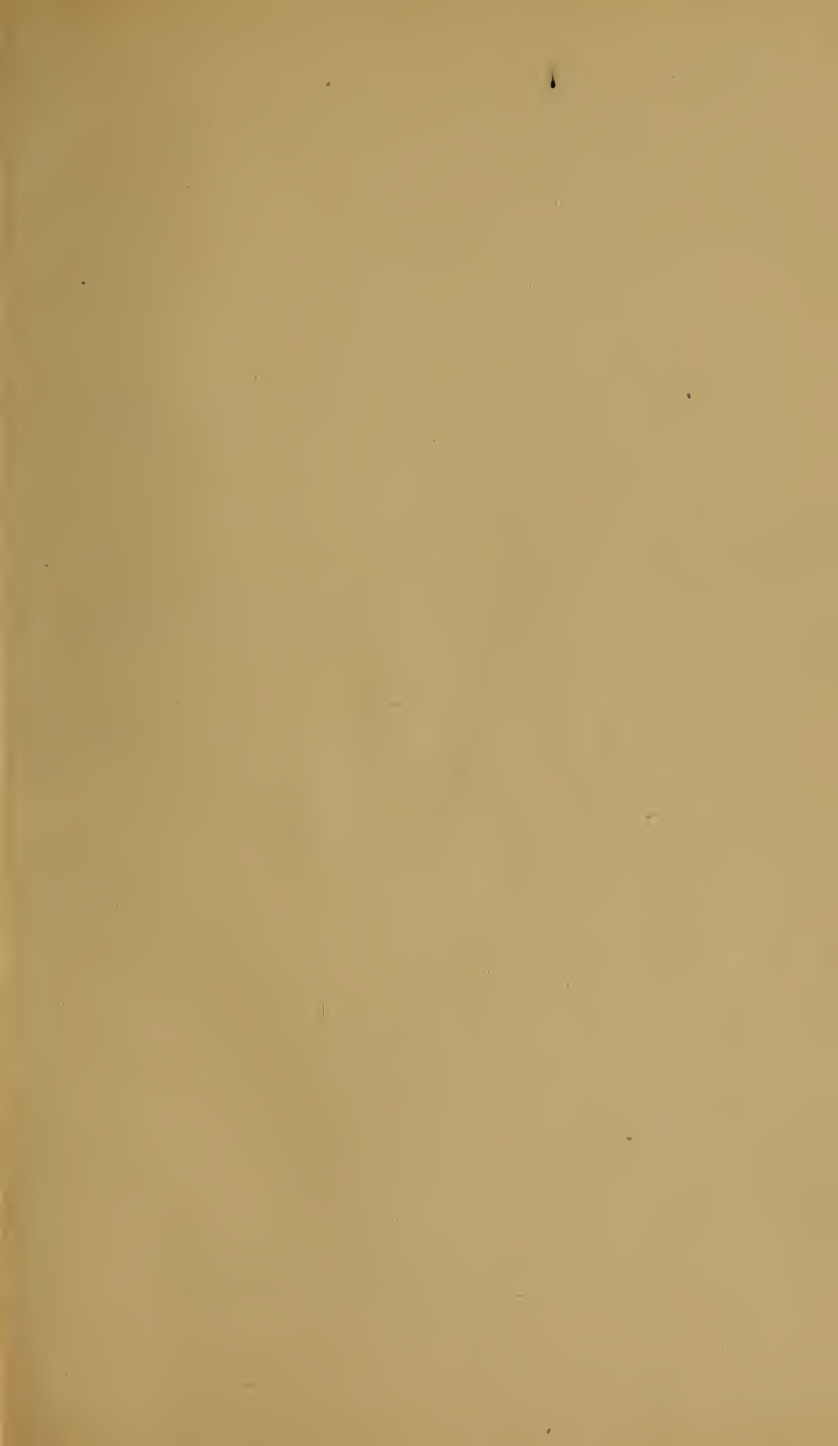
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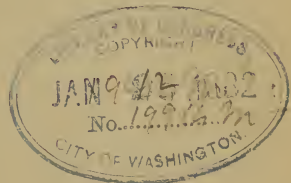
TRUE TO THE LAST.

A SPECTACULAR DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY ✓

JOSEPH A. BRUCE.

34



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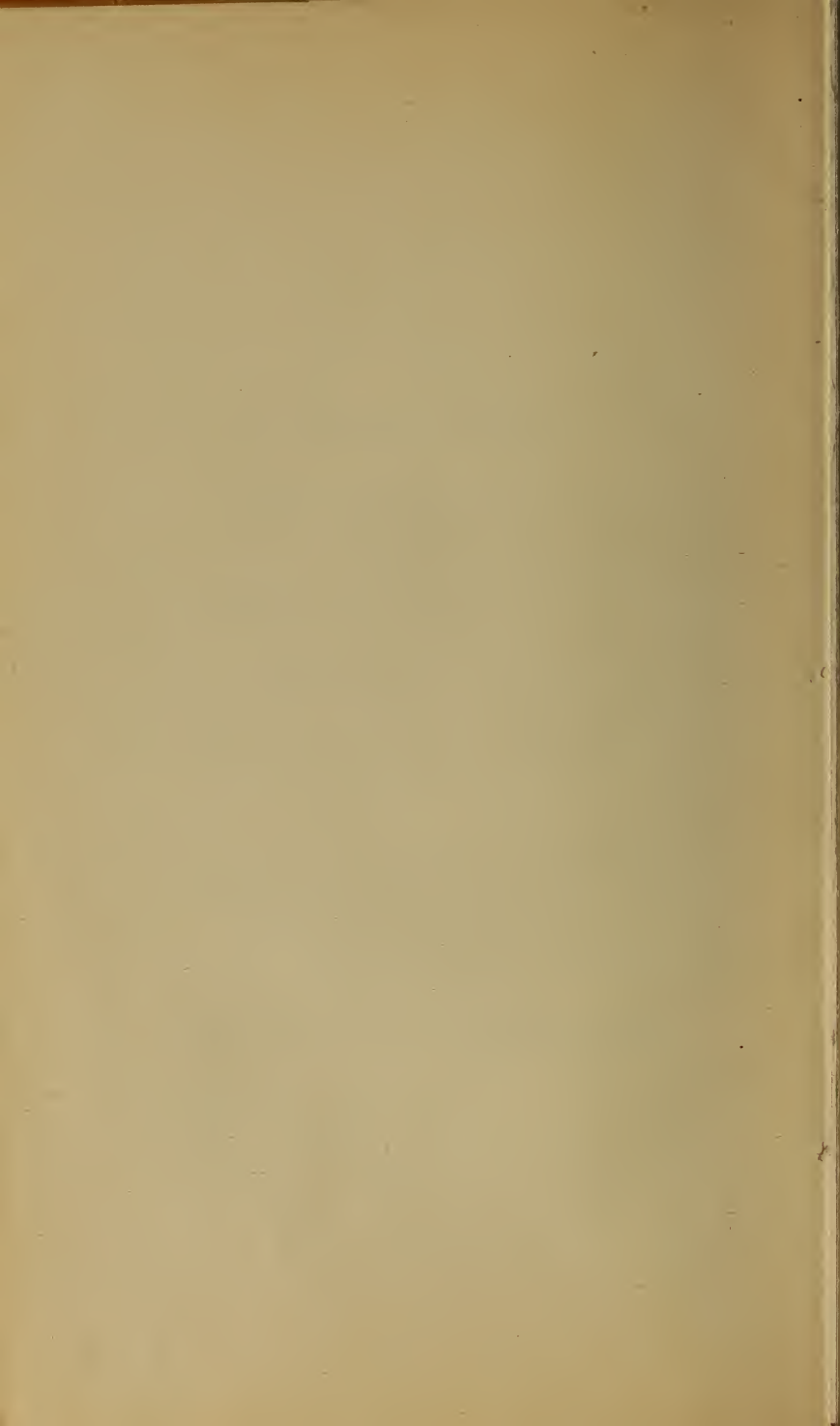
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD ST. LEON, (Ferguson's Clerk).
JOHN THOMPSON, (Captain of Sea Gull).
JOHN HOVEY, (Count Casinovia).
TOM, (Boatswain of Sea Gull).
CAPTAIN MORTON, (Captain of the Rescue).
GEORGE FERGUSON, (Merchant).
JASPER JOHNSON, (Cook on Sea Gull).
COL. BILL, (Manager of Combination).
SIGNOR GYPTUM, (Royal Jester).
JUDGE PENDLETON,
CAPTAIN BELMONT, (of Her Majesty's army).
THOMAS, } Servants.
JAMES, }
MR. ROGERS, (Detective).
ALICE PENDLETON, (Niece to Judge Pendleton).
FLORENCE, (Daughter to Judge Pendleton).
MRS. MORTON, (Captain Morton's Wife).
KATE, (Daughter Captain Morton).
MRS. PENDLETON, (Judge's wife).

Soldiers, Sailors, Cannibals, &c., &c.
Dresses, modern.



FOUND; OR, TRUE TO THE LAST.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st:—*Staten Island, Fort Hamilton on L. Path down Set Rocks on R. Set Rocks, working water, &c.*

[*Enter, Count Casinovia and John Thompson*].

Count.—Now, John, I hope that you are not going to turn coward at this late day?

J. Thomp.—No, I turned coward the day I let myself be tempted by you, Jack Hovey.

Count.—Hush, don't mention that name, for here I am the Count.

J. Thomp.—And why the Count?

Count.—Because I am wanted by the Bank of England to explain some mysterious transactions, and not having any desire to travel, I must remain here unknown for the present, and I would not have been seen by even you, but that I know I can trust you and I need your help.

J. Thomp.—Yes, that unlucky hold of yours has ever been my ruin, and from which it seems to be my doom to never escape, until I am dragged down to a felon's grave. Oh! that one rash step, so easily taken, never, never to be retraced.

Count.—Hush, man! What is the matter with you, are you crazy?

J. Thomp.—Crazy; yes, yes, I must have been, to have allowed myself to be persuaded by you to do that which has made me an outcast from those whom I loved most dear on earth, and to whom I must ever remain as dead; even in my dreams I fancy (although it seems too terribly real for fancy)

that I feel your fiendish fingers clutching with a tightening grip my throat, until my bursting eyeballs start from their sockets and I choke, while your mocking voice rings in my ears, reminding me that you will release your hold only after you have succeeded in dragging me down to Hell.

Count.—Nonsense, nonsense, this is all rank folly. Why, man, it is for your own good that I wished to see you.

J. Thomp.—Good, did you say? What mockery that sounds coming from such lips as yours. Why, Jack Hov—

Count.—Hush!

J. Thomp.—Ah! true, I forgot, Count, I should have said, do you know the meaning of good? No, of course not. Why, the nearest you ever came to good was goods, and then you stole them.

Count.—Damn your prating tongue you are not the John Thompson you used to be.

J. Thomp.—I was in hopes not, but with your foul influence creeping over me I feel as though I soon would be if I stayed much longer here, and I won't tempt fate by remaining, so good day.

Count.—Hold dear friend Thompson you forget that I need your help, and I know that you have not the heart to refuse me a favor when I ask.

J. Thomp.—No, because I can't (worse luck to me), well what is it?

Count.—(rubbing his hands) Oh! that's more like yourself, a man deserves credit that's game, thief or no thief.

J. Thomp.—If all men were only game there would be no thieves.

Count.—Never mind about that John; we won't quarrel over it; but where have you kept yourself these last five years?

J. Thomp.—On the sea whaling, that was my first step towards reformation, and at that I have remained, until to-day, I stand the owner (and honestly at that) of the staunch-built Brig, The Sea Gull, which you can see lying off shore there.

Count.—Yes, she's a beauty, I suppose John, that you make lots of money at that business?

J. Thomp.—No, we don't make very much, but what we get, we work hard and honestly for, then we enjoy it as only those who work for it can. Come Jack, come along with me, let me now tempt you, not as you tempted me, but to do what's right, come and be an honest man, let me tempt you by offering half of what I've got, as you did to me, but with this difference, that what I offer is honestly mine.

Count.—I can't John, I am too old at the business now. I would be recognized if I left off this disguise, and besides I don't believe in what you call honesty, it's all very well if you are rich, but when you are not, it's a rough road to travel. No John I couldn't be honest if I would, and I wouldn't if I could.

J. Thomp.—Yes, I fear you speak the truth, by your own perseverance you have succeeded in getting past reformation. If you had but displayed the same amount of talent in honest, legitimate business you might have now been a happy man instead of being a miserable mean scoundrel, afraid to look the honest daylight in the face; an outcast from all that is respectable, and as you have also made me, a self-banished exile from your own home.

Count.—Here, John, take a drop on it, a little of that kind of preaching goes a long way, so let up on it and come to business.

J. Thomp.—Not to do more harm I hope?

Count.—No, John, but to give me a chance to escape.

J. Thomp.—In what way?

Count.—By carrying off one who is about to inform on me.

J. Thomp.—What! more villiany?

Count.—Not so; this is a young man who has tracked me down merely to get the reward. Now, John, you surely will not compel me to commit murder to save my own life?

J. Thomp.—Is that all there is in it, and have you spoken truly?

Count.—Yes, John, on my oath I have.

J. Thomp.—Well, then to save you from com-

mitting still greater crime I will consent, but he will not be harmed.

Count.—Oh! no, don't hurt him. I would rather take my chance of escape.

J. Thomp.—Jack, if you are speaking the truth then your face lies, but I will take him to save him. When and where will I get him?

Count.—At this place to-night at — let us walk on, I see some one coming.

[*Enter Alice and Florence Pendleton.*]

Flo.—Why, Alice, what makes you seem so dull to-day? You who are usually so gay and lively.

Al.—Florence, dear, I know not what it is saddens me so, but I seem to have a strange foreboding of something dreadful about to happen to me. I know that it sounds very silly, but try how I will, I cannot shake the feeling off.

Flo.—Alice, my dear, this is something new for you to give away to such foolish fancies. Why, what can you fear when you are under father's care. I am sure both father and mother love you, as if you were their own child, not to mention poor me, who you know loves you with more than a sister's affection.

Al.—Yes, dear, dear Florence, I know you do, and it is that which has made me so happy since I came under your roof, but forgive my tears, cousin. I cannot help thinking of my dear parents sometimes, and when I think of how my dear noble father sacrificed himself that all in his charge should be saved, I cannot restrain myself. I was, you know, but eight years of age at the time, and it is now nearly twelve years since, yet it seems but yesterday when the dreadful news came to my darling mother that the steamship which my father had commanded for nine years without an accident, had foundered on a sunken rock, none of the passengers or crew being lost excepting he, through whose bravery and exalted idea of duty, the safety of the rest was secured; for with heroic devotion he refused to leave the ship until the meanest one on board was out of peril, then, oh! then, it was too late for him; the ship, which was almost

to the water's edge by that time suddenly parted in two, and my dear, dear father was never seen again; my poor mother, who was in delicate health at the time, on hearing the fatal news, swooned away, and never recovered consciousness until a few moments before her death, when, while in the act of clasping me to her heart, kissing me and blessing me, her gentle loving spirit fled from earth to join my dear, dear father in Heaven (sobs).

Flo.—Alice dear, my sweet cousin, come, try to control your feelings, you know that you have found another father and mother in mine.

Al.—Yes, Florence; forgive me! they have indeed been more than good to me, only that I felt so depressed in spirit, I should not have acted so selfishly.

Flo.—I recollect the time of your misfortune, Alice; I was very young, and I wondered to see my father cry, he told me that his brother was lost at sea, and that the shock had killed your poor mother; forgive me, Alice, you know that I was very young then; when I confess that I felt more joy than grief, for my father told me that you, my cousin, should henceforth live with me, and I was to be a sister to you; but I am afraid that I have been a very selfish and cross companion, while you were always so good and——

Al.—Now, Florence: my own darling sister, friend and cousin, I won't listen to your abuse of your own sweet self (kisses her), if you will forgive me this time, for my selfish sorrow, I will try to appear more cheerful in future.

Flo.—I think I know how to make you look more happy. Let us talk about Edward St. Leon.

Al.—Ah! you sly puss; then you think that I love him?

Flo.—Oh! no, I don't think so, but I am sure of it. Another thing I know is, that he loves you too.

Al.—Too, eh! not too much, I hope.

Flo.—Oh! no; that would be impossible, but I am afraid that the Count is almost as much in love with you as Edward is, for even when I look my sweetest on him he seems to have no eyes for any one but you. Now, Alice, what do you think him?

Al.—Why, cousin, I do not think of him at all, but it seems to me that all the thinking of him is done by yourself.

Flo.—Perhaps, then, when he finds he cannot make any impression on you, he may give your poor cousin a chance.

Al.—The Count? Why, Florence, if he offered you his hand to-morrow you would not accept him, with all his splendid castle, estate and title, for I do not think candidly that he is a very great favorite with you.

Flo.—Well, dear, to tell the truth, there is something about him I cannot like, Although he has been here about eight months, yet I feel as uncomfortable in his presence as on the first day he came. His eyes always remind me of a snake's, and——

Al.—Oh, fie! Florence, do not abuse the man on account of his looks, which, of course, he cannot help. I am sure he is always very polite to every one.

Flo.—Well, dear, the more I see of him the less I want to see. But here comes pa.

[*Enter Judge.*]

Jud.—Well, well, what are you two conspirators doing here? Plotting against some poor fellow's heart, I'll warrant.

Flo.—Oh! papa, I never dreamt of such a thing.

Jud.—Well, judging you by your looks, I find you both guilty, and accordingly sentence you both to come with me.

Flo.—All right, your honor, but I beg you to reserve sentence on my poor innocent cousin and allow her to remain to meet Edward, who will soon arrive.

Al.—Oh! Florence.

Jud.—Ah! I see; then I will reserve my decision in her case; but if she is not married by next Christmas, I will sentence her to old maidenhood for life.

Flo.—Oh! how horrible, you wicked dear old Judge.

Judge.—Contempt of Court, sentenced to two kisses (kisses her) and as for you Miss Alice, thank

your good looks for saving you, for I still think you guilty of the original charge.

[All laugh, and exit Judge and Flo.]

Al.—Yes, it is almost time for Edward, I had almost forgotten him, if such a thing were possible. Dear noble Ed., what a cloud of gloomy thoughts his sunny smile dispels, and he, also is an orphan, that bond does indeed seem to attach us more fondly to each other, I wonder if all orphans are attracted to each other.

[Enter Count quietly].

Count.—Certainly Miss Alice, why not, I myself am an orphan and I'm sure I feel your attractions.

Al.—*[Startled]*. Oh, Count, I did not know that you were near.

Count.—You seldom do seem to know that I am near my dear young lady (especially when that Ed. is around) *[aside]*.

Al.—Now, Count, you wrong me, for I am sure that no one could fail to notice such a pleasant companion as you when present, but what I meant was that you came so quietly that I was not aware of you being here.

Count.—I know, Miss Alice, that I may appear rather quiet, but I may mean as much as those who make more noise, but as to being a pleasant companion I fear you flatter me.

Al.—No, Count, I do not, as I have been taught from childhood to despise flattery in every form, but I pray, do not let me detain you as you will find Uncle and Cousin Florence up at the house, for they have just left for there a few seconds ago.

Count.—I will see your Uncle bye and bye, but at present I wish to speak to you Miss Alice.

Al.—To me?

Count.—Yes, my dear young lady, this opportunity I have long waited for, and it is now time I should speak.

Al.—Please explain yourself more clearly, Count, for if I can assist you in any way, I will be most happy to do so.

Count.—Thanks Miss Alice, you can assist me greatly.

Al.—Can I, then pray do not delay in informing me how.

Count.—Well, I am in love.

Al.—What! Count; you in love?

Count.—Yes, I am in love; deeply; madly in love.

Al.—What a happy woman she must be who possesses your love.

Count.—Do you then think so?

Al.—Why not? But who is this sweet lady, and in what manner can I be of assistance, may I ask?

Count.—Can you not guess dear Miss Alice?

Al.—No, Count, I must say I cannot.

Count.—Her sweet name is Alice Pendleton.

Al.—*[drawing away frightened.]* What, you surely do not mean—

Count.—Yourself, dearest Alice, and here at your feet I ask you to become my own dear wife.

Al.—Oh, Count! I am sure this is but a thoughtless jest.

Count.—No, it is not. Oh, Alice! I have tried hard to conquer my love for you, only to find in what a hopeless task I was engaged.

Al.—Count, I feel surprised and sorry for what you have said, pray leave me now and think no more of what has passed.

Count.—No, dearest Alice, my love is that of an honest man, and here on my bended knees, I offer you my title and fortune. Nay, dear Alice, I will not rise until I know my fate.

Al.—An honest man's love should not be trifled with, and I wish with all my heart, Count, that you had bestowed your affections on a more worthy object, as, although I sincerely sympathize with you, I must tell you that I can never be your wife.

Count.—Thank you for your frankness, dear young lady, and as you cannot give me your love, I hope you will still allow me to remain your friend.

Al.—Certainly, with pleasure, Count.

[Exit Count who hides and watches.]

[Scene gradually changes to twilight.]

Al.—Poor fellow, although I never could fancy him much, I am very sorry to have been the means of causing him any unhappiness. Hark!—Yes, that is Ed. coming; how glad I am that he has come at this moment; I feel my nerves all unstrung.

[*Enter Edward St. Leon.*]

Ed.—Ah! Alice, darling, my own sweet love, waiting for me, eh? it seems an age since I gazed on your loving eyes, but you look pale and frightened, dear,—has anything happened to annoy you, tell me sweet one.

Al.—Oh! Ed., I feel so glad that you have come. I have had a strange feeling over me all day, that depressed and made me feel very dull. I have also been troubled about something, but I will tell you all another time.

Ed.—Dear Alice, do not fear, I am by you.

Al.—Oh! Ed. when you are nigh me all my trouble vanishes; all then seems joyful and bright.

Ed.—Well, dear one, I have good news to tell you.

Al.—About who?

Ed.—About myself.

Al.—Oh, then tell it to me, for any news concerning you is indeed good news to me.

Count.—[*sotto voce*]. She will think differently this time to-morrow. [*Steamship passes, fires gun.*]

Ed.—Alice dear, you have promised to be my wife, and I will soon be in a position to warrant my asking you to fulfil that promise, as I will soon be comparatively rich.

Al.—Do not mention that, dear Edward, for when I come of age I will have more than enough for both.

Ed.—Spoken like the dear generous-hearted girl that you are; but Alice; dear, you will not keep me waiting until that time, surely?

Al.—A year from next Christmas I shall be of age, then, if you wish, I will be your loving wife.

Ed.—Then, Alice, God willing, I will make you my wife on that joyful holiday; but how long the time seems to that happy moment, when I can call you mine.

Al.—Oh, no, Edward; when you are busy you

will find the time short, and you will find plenty to do between this and then.

Ed.—Yes, Alice, perhaps I will, for you know that I am supposed to be an orphan, but of that there is nothing certain; all I know is that I am told that I was picked up on the ocean, fastened to a piece of a wreck, adopted by a Frenchman and wife by the name of St. Leon and brought up by them, as their own until death; they were poor [*moon gradually rising*] but true, honest people, with hearts of gold, and when they died they had nought to leave me but their name and blessing. The only clue to my identity was a locket which was clutched tightly in my hand when found—my adopted parents said that there were two minatures, a lady and gentleman inside, also the monogram “E. M” on the outside, but, alas! even that was lost in the confusion of our leaving the ship. I was only about two years old then, so of course I recollect nothing about it myself.

Al.—How strange to think that the same sea that took from me a father should give me a ——

Ed.—Husband, as I hope soon to be; but first I will endeavor by every means in my power to obtain further clues to my parentage.

Al.—And for your sake, dear Edward, I hope you will succeed.

Ed.—See, the moon is up and you may take cold in this chilly night-air, so you had better go up to the house.

Al.—But you will come, also?

Ed.—Certainly, dear, to see you there, but I cannot stay as I have business to attend to this evening. [*Exit talking*].

[*Enter Count from behind rocks.*]

Count.—And so have I. Ah! she talks quite differently to him, but as far as the girl is concerned, to the devil with her, what I want is her money, and like a chromo she goes with it, so if I would get it I must first get the girl; money I must have and plenty of it, too, or my game is up; then, there is a disagreeable chance of my going up, too (on the end

of a rope) but I must not think of that, it a kind of chokes my flow of spirits.

I wish John would hurry up as I expect that pampered brute back every moment. Let me once get him away and I will manage to weave such a plausible network of guilt around him that he dare not return if he could. Oh, here comes some one. Sailors, perhaps they are Thompson's. I will just step aside until I make sure. [*Hides behind rock.*]

1st Sail.—Come ahead me harties, we are shipped for the night, sure, for not a lubber's son of yer can slip his cable while the skipper bears hard down on the starn.

2d Sail.—Yer right, mate, luck's agin us to-night, and it ain't no use to grumble no how, as I knows on.

[*Enter Count with wig off; speaks to 1st Sail.*]

Count.—Good evening, gentlemen.

1st Sail.—The same to yourself, says I.

Count.—Who is your captain, and where can I find him?

1st Sail.—Well, yer honor, as to our captain, his name's Thompson, Captain Thompson, E. S. Q, and I reckon a better never stood on quarter deck; bean't I right, Bill?

2d Sail.—Yer right, Jack, 'cepting he's werry strict against drinkin'.

1st Sail.—Yes, werry, we'ry.

Count.—But where is he now?

1st Sail.—That's wot I wer a comin' ter, sir; you will find him astarn, or elst you wouldnt find us here; ain't I right, Bill?

2d Sail.—I reckon as how yer be, Jack.

[*Exit Count.*]

1st Sail.—Say, Bill, I cant say as how I likes the looks of that land shark sort or fellow.

2d Sail.—No more does I, Jack.

1st Sail.—He's up to somethin' mean, I wager, cos no one ever seed a real gentleman that wud call two foremast lads like unto us gentlemen.

2d Sail.—No, no more they wudent, Jack.

[*Enter other Sailors followed by J. Thompson and Count.*]

J. Thomp.—All hands attention! (cries of aye, aye, sir) String out in a line. Now, men, this gentleman has informed me that one of our new men is trying to desert in disguise, and as we are already short of hands it would be dangerous to lose one, so lie in wait behind these rocks, until he comes along, as he will soon do. Then, when I order you, all hands seize him and bring him aboard the boat. Now, then, hide [*sailors hide.*] Say, Jack Hovey, I don't like this work and I am [*clouds obscure the moon*] heartily sorry that I promised to do it; and only that I know of no other way to save him from you, I would back out even now.

Count.—Hush! he comes; hide. I will accost him, then you seize him from behind [*J. T. hides*].

[*Enter Edward.*]

Count.—[*disguised*] Ah! dear sir, may I trouble you to tell me the way to Tompkinsville?

Ed.—Certainly, sir; I will show you the way with pleasure, as I am going past there now. [*Ed. is seized from behind, but breaks loose and knocks down Count; is again seized and overpowered and carried off, Count helping and returns with coat.*]

Count.—[*looking through pockets of coat.*] Let me see what I have here, a bunch of keys and a photograph of Alice. Ah, I bet they are the keys of the safe, for I know that he has charge of them. Yes, they will prove of some value to me, and as for that [*looking at photo*], well, I guess I will find some use for it. Now for New York. Let me see [*looks at watch*], too late, too late, the last boat will have left by the time I could get there; what am I to do? Stay here and lose all? No, not without a trial any how. I wonder if I could row up against this ebb tide? I will try at any rate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE SECOND—*Merchant's Office.*

[*Enter Count.*]

Count.—Ah! I reckon I've done it pretty neat, and I don't think I have been recognized in this disguise; now, my boy, you are in for a desperate game, but

it is not the first by long odds, nor do I want it to be my last; but, confound it, that devilish boat took up so much time that I will have to work up lively. I wonder what time it is [*looks at watch*]. It's now half past seven. They don't arrive here before nine; that gives me one hour and a half. Well, dearest Edward is now out to sea, and I suppose he is quite sea sick already, and he is going to marry Alice on Christmas, too. Ha, ha, ha! Rather a long voyage for him to start on then. I'm kind of skeared there will be some disappointments yet. To the arctic regions; rather a cold place, but it may cool down his fiery young blood. Well, never mind if he does find it rather cold abroad. I will make it up by making it red hot for him at home.

Now for the safe. I do admire these old fashioned gentlemen, who stick to the good old time safe. Safe, because you don't have to injure it to get at its contents. [*opens safe.*] Ah! this is enough to make a dead man grin with pleasure [*counts money*] one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bills and bonds, and one thousand in small bills. These I will put in my pocket in case I should need change. Now for my trap. I will first write Alice a note from dear Edward. I must copy his handwriting [*looks in book and writes.*] I guess that will do it. [*Reads.*] Dear Alice—Although I love you, I love another still better with whom I am now going away, so of course I release you from your engagement and return you your photo' think of me and still love me and if I get tired of her (whom I now adore) I will let you know and you can come to me. Yours lovingly, Edward (puts in photo' and seals envelope). That will raise a picnic I bet?

Now for his coat, that I will leave here, as though he had dropped it in a hurry, hark!—what was that; can it be some one coming? yes, it is, they are coming to the door, the money [*takes money, puts it in his hat hurriedly runs to the window, puts it up and while half out his hat is knocked off by the window and falls into room*] curses on it, the money [*attempts to get back but key is turned in door*] Damn it, lost, lost.

[*Enter Mr. Ferguson.*]

Fur.—So Ed. you are ahead of me after all? [*looks around*] what Ed. not here and his coat on the ground, something strange [*sees safe open*] Good Heaven's can it be that I am robbed? [*goes to telephone*] connect to Pinkertons. Send good man to Ferguson, commission merchant, Broad street.—I am robbed ruined for a second time, and those who have trusted in me also ruined; poor Ed., this will be a sorry day for him also, for to-day he was to have got his partnership papers, Oh! what's that [*goes to hat*] the money, yes, the money, thank Heavens I am saved from ruin and from ruining others [*goes to safe*] all here except a few hundred dollars.—This is the most mysterious thing I ever heard of, I wonder what detains Ed. [*looks at watch*] its now half-past eight and I have never known him to be after eight, and his coat here, that's what mystifies me, to say the least, its perfectly unaccountable. I am positive that Ed. locked up all safely last night, for if anything he was too careful, if there is such a thing. Why I have known him to come back when blocks away, if the slightest idea struck him that he had not left all perfectly secure.

[*Detective arrives.*]

Det.—Good morning, sir?

Fer.—Good morning.

Det.—Your name, sir.

Fer.—George Ferguson.

Det.—I am from Pinkerton.

Fer.—All right, sir: then I will come to business at once. There is some mystery which I cannot understand. However, when I left last night at five, everything was secure; but when I came this morning the door was open, and the safe robbed.

Det.—You arrived at what time [*writes*].

Fer.—At twenty-five minutes past eight exactly.

Det.—And it is now a quarter to nine. Have you disturbed anything since you arrived?

Fer.—Nothing, except to look over the contents of the safe, to find out what was missing. [The safe was already open.

Det.—What have you missed?

Fer.—The thief or thieves got away with but a few hundred dollars, having dropped the rest in an old hat, which I found lying by the window, from which I have no doubt they escaped.

Det.—Have you clerks?

Fer.—Yes, six.

Det.—Has one full charge, and the keys of the safe?

Fer.—Yes, sir; his name is Edward St. Leon. He lives with me on Staten Island, and to-day he was to have been made a full partner. I don't see what's keeping him so late.

Det.—Have you any reason to suspect him of the robbery?

Fer.—What, Edward! Heaven forbid! I would trust him with my life. Oh, no, no!

Det.—The hat.

Fer.—[*Hands it to him.*] Here it is.

Det.—[*Picks up coat.*] Do you recognize any of these articles?

Fer.—Yes, the coat is Ed's.

Det.—The hat: is that his?

Fer.—No: I don't think that I ever saw it before to-day.

Det.—[*Looks in hat.*] John T. is in it. Do you know who that is?

Fer.—No; I do not.

Det.—[*Makes bundle of coat and hat.*] Here is a letter in the pocket addressed to Miss Alice Pendleton, are you acquainted with her?

Fer.—Yes, I understand Edward is engaged to her, she is the niece of Judge Pendleton, and a beautiful young lady she is.

Det.—Then we had better go to the house. This letter may furnish some clue. [*Both exit.*]

SCENE 3D. [*Parlor in Judge Pendleton's House. S. I. [Servant shows Fer., Det. and Count into room.]*]

Fer.—James, do not announce us until I tell you to.

James.—All right, sir.

Fer.—My dear Count I am so glad that I met you,

as there is bad news to be told to the family, and, to tell you the truth, I cannot do it.

Count.—Bad news, Mr. Ferguson, why you shock me. I hope that it does not concern the family.

Fer.—That's the worst of it, it does, and I thought that you, being a friend of the family, you would be more delicate in breaking the unwelcome news to them, for I could never do it, that I am sure; foul work, foul work, somewhere.

Count.—Yes, Mr. Ferguson, I was taking my constitutional on the beach when you met me, and I am glad that you did, if I can assist you in this matter; but I am sorry to hear that it concerns this worthy family; pray allow me to ask what the trouble is?

Fer.—True, dear Count, I forgot that I had not told you, but, but, well to save my life I do not know how to explain it—Mr.,

Det.—Rogers.

Fer.—Well, Mr. Rogers, please explain the case to this gentleman.

Det.—Mr. Ferguson's office has been robbed and there is no clue to the thieves except this hat and coat, also a letter addressed to Miss Alice Pendleton.

Count.—Believe me, gentlemen, I am very sorry, very sorry, indeed, to think that Edward should do such a thing; this will break poor Alice's heart, and he engaged to marry her on Christmas. [*Det. watches Count sharply.*]

Fer.—Marry her on Christmas; when did you hear that?

Count.—Oh, I heard it; that is—I did not exactly hear it, but I was led to suppose it, by his bearing towards her.

Fer.—[*Looks at Count sharply.*] Strange.

Count.—Yes, very strange; I don't see what could have tempted him to do such a thing.

Fer.—Edward never did it, take my word for it; he was not that kind of man: but supposing he was, what motive could he have for doing it, as he would have been made partner to-day?

Count.—Why the letter explains his motive.

Fer.—Does it?

Count.—Yes; does it not?

Fer.—I am not aware that it does, as it is a sealed letter addressed to Miss Alice Pendleton, and I am not acquainted with its contents.

Count.—Oh, I did not know that.

Fer.—James, inform the Judge and Miss Alice that we are here and wish to see them at their convenience.

Fer.—I tell you, Count, to speak plain, there is some dark villainy afloat, you may depend upon it, and Ed. is the victim.

[*Enter Judge and Alice.*]

Judge.—Good morning, gentlemen.

Fer.—Mr. Rogers, Judge.

Judge.—Happy to meet you, Mr. Rogers.

Fer.—We do not feel much pleasure in visiting you this morning, Judge, as we have disagreeable news, especially for Miss Alice.

Count. [*Sighs.*].—Yes, indeed, disagreeable.

Judge.—Something wrong, eh?

Al.—Yes, yes, I can see it by your faces. Oh, tell me what it is.

Fer.—There, now, Alice dear, calm yourself; it will all come out right yet, I am sure.

Al.—What will? Oh, what is wrong?

Fer.—Count, please explain, but make it easy, make it easy.

Count.—Everything, Miss Alice, everything is wrong.

Al.—Is it concerning Edward?

Fer.—Yes, that is kind of; there now, Alice, my girl, don't look so grieved. Oh, I can't tell her.

Judge.—What trouble about Edward? Not dangerously ill, I hope.

Fer.—No, no.

Count.—Worse, worse.

Al.—What, worse! For Heaven's sake, do not tell me he is dead.

Fer.—No, Alice, no.

Count.—Oh, no, but it would be better if he were. Mr. Ferguson has been robbed, and—and—I cannot tell it to Miss Alice.

Det.—And suspicion points to Edward, his clerk.

Al.—Oh, no, 'tis false. Mr. Ferguson, you surely do not believe such a thing; that Edward, so truthful, so noble hearted, would stoop to steal. It is too ridiculous; 'tis some vile plot to injure him, by some cowardly enemies. But wait until he comes, and I will stake my life that he will put his shameless accusers to the blush, if they have so much sense of shame left in their traitorous breasts.

[*Det hands letter addressed to Alice.*] Oh! a letter, heaven be praised. This, then, will explain everything satisfactorily. [*She reads, drops letter and faints; Det catches her.*]

[*Judge picks letter up and reads.*]

Judge.—Gentlemen, this is some rascally conspiracy against Edward; for, believe me, he is a high-minded noble youth, incapable of anything derogatory to a gentleman.

Count.—Yes, Judge; but you forget that he's a thief.

Fer.—And you're a damned scoundrel [*knocking him down.*]

Judge.—And this letter is a forgery.

TABLEAU.

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ACT II.

SCENE FIRST. *Arctic Regions; Icebergs; Ship in distance near berg.*

[*Enter Ed. and Old Tom, the Boatswain.*]

Ed.—Well, Tom, this is pretty hard luck—if you can call it luck,—first seized by mistake as a sailor and carried off to sea without even so much as a word of explanation to those I left behind; then getting caught in the ice, with no prospect of ever getting out for months to come, if we ever get out at all; then, as if our cup of misery was not full, we are short of provisions, with half the men down with scurvy, and with but a slim chance of our bettering their condition with any fresh meat which

we can procure. To say the least, the prospect before us is not very inviting.

Tom.—Lor' bless you, sir, you'r right; no doubt, but if as how you'd allow an old hulk like me, wats tossed in many a sea, weathered many a gale and generally com'd out about right, to give yer a bit of advise.

Ed.—Certainly, friend, and thank you for it, too.

Tom.—Then I'll heave ahead till I cum ter anchor longside. My advise, which is, "in the midst of perwersity keep a stiff upper lip."

Ed.—Thanks, my friend, thanks; but it is not for myself that I grieve, but for those whom I have left behind me (perhaps forever) without even a good-bye word for those I love best on earth. Tom, I dare not think of it or I should go distracted. I hope you will not think meanly of me for giving way to my feelings, but although I try to bear it like a man, I cannot but feel it like a man.

Tom.—Ah, sir, I kin feel fur yer there, as I knows what it is myself. I left one ons't too. She werent very young, nor may be not as wot yer might call purty, but she were good to me, and, in my old eyes, very purty, indeed. I left her ons't, an it were ons't too often, fer it wer forever [*wipes eyes with sleeve*]. I didn't know it at the time, but wen I cumed home to the little cottage, where I left her, she weren't there, and them as wer, wer strangers to me, and they told me as how my poor wife, Betsey, were dead and buried, and as how her last words wer: Poor Tom, tell him as not to forget me, fur I will always watch over him, until we meet in Heaven. Then she left a kiss for me, as wot, of course, I didn't git. Then she died. This cold air, sir, makes my old eyes very watery.

Ed.—Poor fellow, I am, indeed, very sorry for you. I see that you have had your own share of troubles in this world; but, Tom, life at the best is short, and, when your time comes to leave, think of the happiness and joy it will be to you to meet your dear wife once more, never, never to part. Yes, Tom, you must, indeed, have missed your good wife greatly.

Tom.—Yes, sir, yer right I did; but, Lor' bless yer, I never expects, as an old hulk like me, would ever be allowed in such a glorious place as wot Betsey said Heaven wer. No, no, it couldnt be; all I ever asks is, to be allowed a glimpse, now and then, a sort of a look in, as it wer, to git a sight of my dear Betsey.

Ed.—Did you say that you never expected to go to Heaven, Tom?

Tom.—Oh, Lord bless yer, sir, I never expects to, cause when I wer young, and orter been good. I wer wild, and everything that werent good, and now, when I've got old, it seems ter me as wot it wer a werry mean sort of thing to try to pass off as good. No, no, I'm too wicket,

Ed.—Too wicked; did, did you commit any very great crime—robbery or murder?

Tom.—Oh, no; I never dun no one no harm as I knows on, but I didnt go to church when I orter.

Ed.—Well, Tom, I am glad to hear that it is no worse, although, of course, you did very wrong in neglecting your church; but there is still hope for you, for you know that our Saviour died for all sinners, and if you sincerely repent your sins, and ask for mercy, you will certainly be forgiven; but when we return to the ship I will explain some of the Bible to you, if you would like it.

Tom.—Like it; why, Lord bless yer, dear sir, I don't know no way as how I can thank yer enough; yer have made my old heart gladder ter day ner it has bin since poor Betsey died. She wer alwers trying ter lead me, but, yer see, I wer young, and didn't value it then; but if yer will be so kind as ter teach me, I will never forgit it, sir.

Ed.—I won't forget to teach you, Tom; but here comes the Captain with Jasper. [*Enter Cap. J. Thomp' and Jasper Johnson.*]

J. Thomp.—Well, men, did you have the luck to come across any game?

Ed.—No, Captain, I have not seen the sign of any as yet, but I think we had better try in another direction; have *you* had any luck, Captain?

J. Thomp.—No, I have not; but it won't do to

give up yet; we must find fresh meat of some kind, if nothing more than a fox or two. In fact, our lives depend upon it, for nearly half the crew are now down with the scurvy, and in a few days more, without we can get some relief, even the strongest among us will have to succumb to that deadly foe, leaving nothing but our whitened bones to tell our fate.

Jas.—Captain.

J. Thomp.—Well, what is it, Jasper?

Jas.—If'er, if'er we don't find something dat is game or somthin, will we, will—

J. Thomp.—Will what?

Jas.—Will we hab to draw chances to see who's ter be eat?

J. Thomp.—[*Smiling.*] Certainly, certainly; why not?

Jas.—I spose ebery body knows nigger no good, not fit ter eat; fact is, Captain, dem wots tried it says nigger's wus ner pison.

J. Thomp.—Well, Jasper, one nigger, you know, wouldn't be much among the whole crew, and when the amount is so small the stronger it is the better, I should think. But don't be so skared, Jasper; you might not be the party drawn to be eaten.

Jas.—Oh, Captain, dem white folks would be sure to put up a job on dis poor colored child.

Ed.—Look! look! Captain, there must be something wrong with the ship; there seems to be a great commotion on board.

J. Thomp.—Yes, there goes a signal gun for our return; what can be the matter?

Ed.—Look! look! For Heaven's sake, the icebergs.

Tom.—They are breaking up, Captain.

J. Thomp.—Yes, yes; that's it. Good God! will they never get the ship clear? Come, men, what are we doing here. Come, come, I say; our ship's our life. [*Berg breaks.*] What! [*Breaks again and sinks ship.*] Too late; too late. My God, we are all lost; our doom is sealed. [*Staggers.*]

Ed.—Captain, Captain, let us hasten over; perhaps we may succeed in saving some of our friends.

Tom.—It aren't no use, Ed.; it would take us more nor an hour to git there, and they wer killed instantly. God forgive um ther sins!

Ed.—But some might still live.

J. Thomp.—No, it is of no use; they are all lost—sank with the ship, our only home, down to the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. Oh! would to Heaven we had all sunk with her, for a far worse fate awaits us.

Ed.—No, Captain; remember, “while there is life there is hope.”

Tom.—And that's wot I says, Captain, “in the midst of perwersity keep a stiff upper lip.”

Jas.—I dun think, as Massa Tom knows, what he's talking bout. Who eber hered ob a stiff upper lip saving any body?

J. Thomp.—Ah! my friends, you know not of what you are talking. We are lost beyond recovery for ever; we cannot save our lives. Let us, then, make our peace with God and try to save our souls.

Ed.—Captain, it is our duty to both God and man to try to preserve our lives.

Jas. [*Looking skared.*].—Purserve us; dis chile don want to be pickled.

Tom.—Yer right, Ed. Yes, Captain, he's right.

Ed.—Captain, how far are we from the nearest place that we can reckon on for help?

J. Thomp.—I am not quite sure, as I have no chart; but it is all of six hundred miles, and it might as well be six thousand, for we could never reach there. No, it's worse than useless to move a step. Here we can stop until we die; by trying to save ourselves we but prolong our misery.

Jas.—Oh, Lor. I doesn't want to leaf my bones to whiten here. I sooner take um wid me, even if dey is black.

Ed.—God helps those who help themselves, so while we have life let us struggle like men.

Tom.—Them ere's my sentiments too.

Jas.—If ever I sees home again, dats all de sea dat I ever wants.

J. Thomp.—Well, comrades, if you wish to try,

let us start, this is the way. May God in His mercy help us.

Ed.—Amen.

Tom.—Aye, aye, sir.

[*All exit.*]

SCENE 2ND—*Flat of Snowy Rocks.*

[*Enter Captain and Crew.*]

J. Thomp.—I think that it is useless, men, we can never hold out, we are only killing ourselves in a more painful manner : it's death, death, stares us in the face, look where we will.

Ed.—Oh, Alice ! I cannot die without seeing your dear face again. I must, I will live. *I*, for one, will keep on while there is a breath in my body.

Jas.—[*Jumping around, shrieking.*] Look, look ! glory to de Lord. [*All rush over.*]

J. Thomp.—Footsteps, footsteps, at last there is help.

Tom.—Captain, it sorter strikes me that we cumed by this very place once afore, more ner three days ago.

J. Thomp.—What, man ; what would you say ? Are you a friend to dash our last ray of hope aside ?

Ed.—Our own footsteps, we must have travelled in a circle. Oh, what a weary journey for nought ! Three day's incessant toil to find ourselves back in the same accursed spot. Oh ! Heavens ! is there no help ?

Jas.—Yes, sure dars my footsteps, dass no mis-taken dem. [*Cap faints.*]

Ed.—It is useless continuing the struggle, everything is against us, our fate seems sealed. Oh, Alice ! must I then give up all hope of ever seeing your dear face on earth again ? Yes. I must indeed say a long good-bye, my dearest one, for ever.

Tom.—Ed., my friend, remember, “in the midst of perversity keep a stiff upper lip.”

Jas.—Dat's easy enuf. Ise stiff all ober and I don't feel so berry good ; de stiffer I gets, de worser I feels. Tom, is the top of my nose white, cos if it

is I'se frozed. Oh, if I cud only seed a fire eben, de sight of one wud warm me, or eben a little fire water.

Tom.—Captain, if as how I might make so free, I think if we steered straight ahead instead of turning to larboard as we did, we would be steering on the right course.

J. Thomp. [*springs up excitedly*].—I have a mission to fulfill. I must keep on. Follow me to life or death. [*Exit.*]

Ed.—I'm afraid the captain's sufferings have affected his head. Come, men, we must follow and watch him that no harm befalls him.

Jas.—Well, Massa Ed and Tom, you go ahead. I must take a little sleep, I muss [*gapes*]. I can't keep dees here eyes open nohow. I will catch up wid you arter I takes a little nap [*gapes*].

Tom.—No, no, man; that ere wud be the sleep of death; you wud never wake again. You musent sleep nohow, man; you must rouse yourself up.

Ed.—Come, come, we must not lose sight of the captain. Tom, take one arm of Jasper's and I will take the other until he shakes off this drowsiness. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3D.—Open ice and bergs; seals in distance.

[*Enter all, straggling and staggering.*]

Jas. [*blubbling*].—Oh, Lor! oh, Lor! if I had eben a single red hot coal in dis chile's stomach I tinks it would melt a little of de ice dar. If ebber I sees a fire agin, eider dat fire gits frozed or I gits thawed, for I'll nebber leave till one or the udder happens.

J Thomp.—I'm afraid, Ed, that the fox you shot yesterday has only prolonged our misery instead of preserving our lives.

Ed.—Courage, captain; don't give up yet. God in his mercy may have our rescue near at hand.

J. Thomp.—No, no, Ed; that is impossible.

Ed.—To God nothing is impossible, and no man knows what to-morrow may bring forth.

Tom.—Yes, Ed, that is very true, and—— Look! seals, seals; there's food!

J. Thomp.—Food! who said it, who said food?

Oh, give me it, oh, give me something to eat! I am starving!

Ed.—Oh, that I could but use this now useless gun, we might now procure food to keep life in us for further trial.

Tom.—I have the powder and shot, Ed.

Ed.—Yes, but have you a gun cap?

Al.—No, no.

Ed.—Don't say no; look again, search your clothes well.

Jas.—Here's one, massa Ed; here's one.

Ed.—Who will fire?

All.—You, you are the best shot.

Ed.—Then Heaven guide my aim. [*Aims, slips in hole, gun snaps; all groan.*] The cap is off, look for it. [*They look through snow in box.*] Look carefully, [*don't find it,*] look, men, look.

Tom.—What's that 'ere thing on your glove?

Ed.—The cap, the cap. [*Puts on gun again.*]

Tom.—Hurry Ed., fire they are moving.

E.—I can't friends; I am too unfortunate.

J. Thomp.—[*Springs up.*] Then I will, give me gun, give it to me. [*Takes it away, aims at random but hits seal, rest jump into the water leaving the wounded one struggling; the men start toward it, but it rolls into water.*] Ha! ha! I told you.

Jas.—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! dar goes my dinner, afore I tasted it, eben.

J. Thomp.—Well, men, if you still insist on living; there is nothing for it but to draw chances, and see who shall die that the rest may live.

Ed.—No, no, Captain; we will never come to that; we will struggle on so long as we have strength, relying on God's protection, then having lived like men, when our Heavenly Father decrees our time has come, we will try to die like men with faith in our hearts, and not like wild beasts devouring each other.

Tom.—Them ere's my sentiments, just like as how my poor Betsey wud have said, if she wer here.

J. Thomp.—Yes, yes; you'r right, men; I'm asham-

ed of myself for being the first to despair; we will try to perform our duty to the last—as you say.

[*Enter Captain Morton, with sailors.*]

[*All rush up to them, asking are you wrecked, too? have you a boat, &c.?*]

Cap. M. No, friends; we are not wrecked.

J. Thomp.—Oh! who are you, and have you a vessel?

Cap. M.—I am Captain Morton, and I own the steam sloop lying behind those bergs: I came here for whales, but having had very poor luck, and the winter coming on, I made up my mind to sail to-day; but who are you, and where from, my friends?

J. Thomp.—I am John Thompson, Captain of the Sea Gull, and these are the remnant of my crew.

Cap. M.—But where's your vessel?

J. Thomp.—At the bottom of the ocean, with nearly all of my crew on board; crushed and sunk by an iceberg, in an instant, while we were on shore. Since which we have wandered around without food, I know not how long.

Cap. M.—Poor fellows, I am indeed glad that I have met you; Providence must have guided you here, for if you had been a few hours later, my vessel would have been gone, and you must have perished. I was in the act of giving orders preparing for our departure, when I heard the gun and voices, so I came on shore to see who it was. But while I am talking, perhaps you are starving. I think I have a few biscuits, which I put in my pocket this morning, as I was going shooting, but suddenly making up my mind to sail to-day, I didn't go, [*while speaking takes out biscuits and divides them, they eagerly devour them*] they are rather dry, but you appear to have good appetites.

Jas.—Golly, appetite; I tink I'se notink else ner one big appetite.

Cap. M.—[*Takes out flask and pours out little and hands to each.*] This drop of brandy will take away your faintness; poor fellows, you shall soon have plenty as soon as you get aboard, but where do you belong?

J. Thomp.—New York is where we started from

and should have returned to, had we not been wrecked.

Cap. M.—Well, men, as I told you I sail to-day, as I made very little oil here. I am going to the African coast for Palm Oil and from there to England. If you choose to go with me I will put you on board the first vessel we meet; bound for New York, if you desire it.

J. Thomp.—I can assure you that both I and my men are deeply grateful to you for your kindness, for we were nearly exhausted from fatigue and starvation when Heaven sent you to our rescue.

Cap. M.—I am thankful that I was the humble means of saving you; but let us to the ship that you may get the food of which you are in so much need. [*Enter wife and daughter with sailor*]. Oh! my wife and my daughter. [*Wife starts when she sees Edward, and watches him.*]

J. Thomp.—What! bring ladies with you here?

Cap. M.—Yes; I have them by me always. My wife suffered a great affliction, and by her own desire she and our daughter accompany me wherever I go. Oh! there must be a storm coming up; see! the ice is moving. [*Distant sounds of ice breaking*]:

Kate [*daughter*].—Oh! father! what a grand sight it must be, if you were only close enough? Can I not go to yonder rising ground to have a better view?

Cap. M.—Yes, Kate, if you are careful. Ben, [*to sailor*] you had better go with her, to see that she keeps out of danger. Now, Kate, you must come back directly you take a look, as I want to return to the ship at once.

Kate.—Yes, father; I won't detain you a minute. [*Kate and sailor walk over to high ground in middle of stage*].

Cap. M. [*to 2nd sailor*].—Jim, go back to the ship as fast as your legs can carry you, and tell the cook to get up a good dinner just as quick as he possibly can, as I have company back with me.

2nd Sailor.—Aye, aye, sir [*running off*].

Jas.—Oh! Now I looks forward to a good square

meal, good and warm, too, fur sure. Golly, Massa Tom, who wud tink dat a man coud feel so starving when he had an ice breakfast, dinner and supper ebery day, only dat dey was rader cool for my indigestion.

[The noise of the ice has been getting nearer].

All.—Hark! *[Loud reports of ice breaking].*

[Ice begins to break; women scream; confusion all around].

1st Sail.—Good Heaven! we are lost. *[Seems to loose his senses; dashes over the ice screaming, save yourselves; he falls through and is lost].*

Kate—Help! help! Father! Mother! Oh, God! must I die here in sight of all. *[They hold Father back; he struggles].*

Cap. M.—Leave me go, fiends! I say, release me! Curse you, let me go! Will I see my child die before my eyes without one struggle to save her?

[Ed. and Jas. rush up, Jas. falls back, Ed. gets over and siezes Kate, returning with her in his arms.]

All.—Keep back! Keep back! You can't get over.

Ed.—But I will in spite of all on earth *[comes up on last piece with Kate, all cheer, rush, and help. Kate and mother rush to each others arms. Cap. M. embraces Ed. Aurora shines out. Curtain drops, rises to encore, Aurora going, tableau.]* Now for the ship and freedom.

Jas.—And warm grub.

ACT III.

SCENE 1ST. *Stage set with moving water and steam-ship in distance, bearing down to footlights, terrific storm takin place, thunder, wind and lightning, wind blows sails loose, lightning strikes ship.*

[Curtain drops and rises quickly] on scene 2nd.

Vessel in foreground R. partly sunk; crew rushing around.

Cap. M.—All hands to lower the yawl boat, look

alive there men, look alive, we have not a moment to lose.

Crew.—Aye, aye, sir.

Cap. M.—Cut the halyards, work for your lives men, for delay means death.

Ed.—[*Cuts halyards with ax*] Captain, she's afloat.

Cap. M.—Man her then, quick, quick.

Crew.—Aye, aye, sir.

J. Thomp.—Boat's all ready, Captain, pass the ladies.

Cap. M.—Come Kate, my girl, you get in first, mother will follow you.

J. Thomp.—[*Seizes Kate and drags her back*] Back all, back with you, for your lives, here comes a mountain wave. [*Spray flies up, big noise, all screaming.*]

Cap. M.—Keep her off below [*all run to side*].

J. Thomp.—Good God, she has sunk.

Cap. M.—And all hands with her; come quick, for heavens sake, there is but once chance left, and that is the life raft, but it will not hold up all.

Ed.—Captain you take the ladies, I for one will remain.

J. Thomp.—And I [*rest, and I*].

Cap. M.—No, men; our vessel will not float three minutes longer, and to remain is death. No, I will not accept your sacrifice; no, we must try something else.

J. Thomp.—Some wreckage and form a raft, Captain.

Cap. M.—Yes, friends, that's the way, we will fasten some wreckage to the life raft; quick, cut away the mast [*some begin to cut away mast*] fasten a hawser to the life raft and launch her. Now, lads, some of you out on to her, aye, aye, sir.

[*Tom and Jasper go on to her.*] Clear the rigging, look out, all right below, aye, aye, sir, then over with it [*mast goes over*] lash her to the raft, now, then pass the women, look sharp [*women go over*]. All hands over, for I feel her settling.

Ed.—You first, Captain.

Cap. M.—No, I am Captain. I leave last [*all go*]

over]. Push off, push off, she's sinking [*ship sinks, all dark, thunder, wind, etc.; lightning flashes, storm subsides. daylight begins to appear*].

Mrs. M.—Father, are we far from land?

Capt. M.—No, we can't be very far now, but I cannot tell where we may be carried to.

Tom.—Captain, I think as I hear breakers.

Kate—Yes, father, Tom is right, I also hear the roar of the surf and its getting louder.

Cap. M.—Yes, yes, I hear it now, we are near land, but it may prove to be a new danger to us. Oh, if it were only getting light.

Ed.—It is getting lighter, Captain; we will soon be able to see.

Jas.—Land ahoy!

Capt. M.—Where away?

Ed.—There! There!

Cap. M.—Yes, you are right; if we can but round that point we will be on a lee shore and can safely land, but if we keep on as we are going I am afraid we will drift into that surf, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks. The point is not more than a cable's length away, and our only chance is to get a line ashore, or this wind will soon drive us past the point.

Ed.—I will carry a rope ashore, captain.

Tom.—No, allow me, wats used ter it, fur beggin' yer honor's pardin, I thinks as how I'm the best swimmer, and, if I arent, why I aint of much walley, anyhow, so I will go.

J. Thomp.—Tom speaks true, he is the best swimmer here, let him try and if he don't succeed, I will attempt to reach there.

Cap. M.—You are a brave man Tom and I pray that you may succeed.

Tom.—Thankee Captain, thankee, but don't you be aferad on me, for in the midst of perwersity I allers keeps a stiff upper lip [*goes over, shark appears, all cry shark, shark, &c.*].

J. Thomp.—Back Tom, back for your life, a shark, my God he will be seized, how slow he moves, hurry Tom, hurry [*they go to pull him out, but shark bites off leg, all scream, biz.*]

Tom.—Captain, I hope you'll excuse me for failing as I hadn't orter, but see as how that woracious shark shattered my timbers, I couldn't help it.

Jas.—I will go Captain, I ain't 'fraid of sharks, give me a knife [*puts a knife in his mouth*], look out shark I'se coming, I'se shark myself, I'se shark debble [*jumps over*].

Tom.—Now, ladies, please don't take on so that way, caus I arent one as was ever used to it, and I never felt so content like as wot I feels now. I will be all right in a day or two, that scratch on my led will soon be all right. Ed Ed., please ter kinder straighten out my led, fur it feels a sort of cramped [*Ed. fixes it*], no not that one, the other [*they look at him surprised.*] Is some of the bones broken—is they?

Jas.—All right Captain, all right, Ise got her fast.

Cap. M.—Thank God for our timely deliverance.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1st.: *Tropical flat.*

[*Enter crowd bearing Tom on a litter*].

Tom.—Easy mates, easy, let me rest here awhile.

Ed.—Poor Tom, how he must suffer, poor fellow.

Tom.—Ah! I feels as how I've made my werry last cruise.

J. Thomp.—Don't say that Tom, we can't spare such a good, faithful man.

Tom.—Thankee Captain, thankee, but it arent of my desire I leave you, although I shouldent ort to say as I warent satisfied to go when God calls on me ter.

Mrs. M.—This is only a faint spell, my poor man, and with a little careful nursing, which we will do

all in our power to give you, I am sure you will soon get well.

Tom.—Ah, mum, I'm sorry as to differ with a lady, but Lor' bless yer, I feels as how I am going werry, werry soon. This old hulk aren't no good no more anyhow.

Kate.—Poor Tom, is there anything that we can do for you?

Tom.—Aye, mum, begging your ladyship's pardon; I wishes to speak to Mr. Ed., to axe him a question.

Ed.—Here I am, Tom. What is it you wish, my dear brave friend?

Tom.—Captain Morton, you be a bit of a doctor, and don't yer think my cable's nearly run?

Cap. M.—Yes, Tom; there is no use in disguising the fact. I am sorry indeed to have to say it, but—we must soon part. So if you have anything on your mind that you want to tell, or any favor to ask, do so at once, and make your peace with God.

Tom.—Yes, captain. I feel as wot yer say is true. Ed, my boy, give me yer hand.

Ed.—Here, Tom. Here.

Tom.—Unhitch my belt and hand it here.

Ed.—Here it is, Tom.

Tom.—Open it, Ed, and hand wot's in it to Captain Thompson.

Ed.—Yes, Tom, yes. [*Hands something rolled up to captain.*]

Cap. M.—Well, Tom, I am sorry to tell you it, but you must spin a short yarn, as you have not long to live.

Tom.—I feel it, captain; I feel it. Wot I would say is this ere: the package wot Mr. Ed handed to Captain Thompson contains a locket which wer fastened on the neck of a child which we picked up on the ocean, on a piece of wreck. There weren't no clue as to who he were, and there being a French woman and her husband on board as took quite a fancy to the wee little thing, our captain gave it to them to bring up; but they was to tell it how they cummed by it, if so be as how it lived to grow up; but soon after they left the ship at France with it,

I found this ere locket, which had dropped off it one day and was given up as lost. Ed.

Ed.—Yes, Tom.

Tom.—A mouthful of water, please?

Jas.—Let *me* go for it, I'se done notink for poor Massa Tom [*runs after it*].

Tom.—Aye, poor Jasper; I had nigh forgotten him, poor lad, his face are black, but his heart are in the right place. [*Enter Jas.*]

Jas.—Here, poor Massa Tom, drink [*drinks*].

Tom.—Thankee, Jasper my boy, thankee.

Jas.—Don't speak 'bout it, Tom [*blubbers*].

Tom.—I aren't used to bein' ashore much, so I have always ter wet my whistle; well, captain, as I were a saying, soon after the French folks left the ship, I found that there locket, and I have ever since tried to find 'em to give it to them, for the young one's sake, 'cause it had two pictures inside and some letters outside on it; but all as wot I could learn on, was as they'd left for America, and being as how my cruise is nearly run, I want to give it to whoever will promise to keep up the seach.

Ed.—Tom, Tom, the name of the French people, wasn't St. Leon, was it?

Tom.—Yes, but it were Ed, it were.

Ed.—And the vessel that saved the child, was—

Tom.—The “Benefactress.”

Ed.—And the initials?

Tom.—Ther wot, Ed?

Ed.—The letters on the locket were “E. M.”

Tom.—Yes, yes.

Ed.—Then, Tom, I was that child.

Tom.—*You*, Ed! then thank God as how I've found yer.

J. Thomp.—Here Ed. is your is your locket then.

Ed.—[*Opens locket.*] Then these minatures must be of my dear parents. Oh! if I could only clasp that dear mother to my heart, and hear her sweet voice, even for a moment; but alas! I can never, never see her on earth.

Mrs. M.—Let me look [*Ed. gives her the locket.*] Oh! heaven, can it be, do I see aright; yes, my God! it is, my son, my darling son, come to your mother's arms.

Ed.—Mother, oh dearest mother, is this some heavenly dream, or is it possible that my fondest hopes are realized?

Cap. M.—Mother, what is this?

Mrs. M.—The locket which was your wedding gift to me, and which was around our child's neck when we were separated in the wreck, is now returned with my darling boy.

Cap. M.—What can this be, Tom—Tom?

Tom.—Aye, aye, sir; it be sure as death.

Cap. M.—Where did you pick up this child?

Tom.—On the Atlantic, close on half ways between Ameriky and France.

Mrs. M.—Yes, my heart whispered this to me when first I saw you, for it seemed your father stood before me in his youth again.

Cap. M.—Wait, mother, one moment, until we are sure; how long is it since you picked up this child? Tom, do you remember?

Tom.—Aye, aye, Captain, I do that; next month it would be just twenty-two years.

Cap. M.—We lost our child then and he had this locket on his neck.

J. Thomp.—There can be no doubt, Captain, but that Edward is your son.

Cap. M.—Yes, yes, he is indeed Edward my son. [*Mutual embrace between Ed. and father and Kate, his sister.*]

Kate.—Oh, Edward! my dear, dear, brave brother, who, at the risk of your own life saved me from a fearful death. Oh, how joyful it makes my heart to see dear mother and father made so happy, their great sorrow suddenly turned to bliss.

Mrs. M.—Father, look! See your picture. [*Shows locket*] its our son's very image. [*Embraces Ed. again.*] Oh, God! give me strength to bear so much happiness!

[*Tom groans. All rush to him.*]

Ed.—Oh, Tom, forgive me my selfishness for forgetting you in my own happiness, and all through your means, too, dear Tom.

Tom.—Don't mention it, Ed., it makes me old

heart wery, wery glad; now wot I had to do is did, and I can die happy, Ed.

Ed.—Well, dear, good friend, what is it?

Tom.—Come here, my boy, let me see you onst afore I dies. [*Ed. sits in front of him and takes his hand.*]

Ed.—No, Tom, you must not die, I will—

Tom.—Its no use, as how I'de fight agin it for I knows my times cum, but I've did my duty as far as I know'd on, and can now die happy. Ah, Ed. It's now nearly twenty-two years ago that I carried you from the wreck (where I first spied yer) to our ship, and yer put yer little chubby arms around of my neck and laughed and crowed and called me papa, all of which made me wery happy to think as how any one loved me so, even though it were one as was too young ter know better, and now to think, to-day I gives yer back to your father and mother agin.

Ed.—Yes, my faithful, true-hearted friend, I cannot find words to thank you, but your own kind heart knows how mine feels.

Tom.—No thanks, Ed., no thanks; it were only my dooty, and I only wish as how I could do it agin for yer, which, of course, that is sunthin as wot I can't, Ed., where are you?

Ed.—Here I am, Tom; here I am.

Tom.—Yes, I feel yer, Ed, but I can't see yer, all is getting so dark; my time's getting short; give me yer hand, Ed.

Ed.—Here it is, Tom, my dear, dear friend.

Tom.—Ed, does yer think as there is any chance of heaven for me? I've prayed very hard to the Lord to have mercy on me.

Ed.—Yes, my dear, true friend, through your repentance and our Savior's sacrifice, the loving and merciful God will indeed receive you, dear old Tom, into Heaven.

Tom.—Ah, Ed, you as I loves so, has made me die wery, wery happy; friends all pray for me. I'm fast agoing. Ah, its getting lighter. There's Betsy a calling ter me. I must go ter her. I'm coming, I'm coming. Good-bye, friends; good-bye. Ed, Ed, boy, I sees the glorious place [*Dies.*]

J. Thomp.—He's dead, poor Tom; he was as fine a sailor as ever trod a deck, but he's slipped his cable at last. Jasper is now all that is left of my once fine crew.

Cap. M.—Yes, it is only too true; poor, honest, faithful Tom; he is dead, poor fellow; although but a poor sailor, he was, indeed, a nobleman by nature, and all that we can now do for him is to bury him by the sea he loved so well; let us, my friends, find some pretty spot near the sea, where there is a palm tree to shelter his grave; there let us bury and pray for him, hoping that when our own time comes, we may be as fit to go as poor Tom was [*exit carrying Tom, women crying*].

SCENE 2D. [*Cut Tropical Wood Scene. Numbers of monkeys gliding around, but disappear, when enter Col. Bill and Signor Gypturn.*]

Sig.—Say, Bill, whereabouts are we agoing to show? I don't see nobody around ere.

Bill.—That's all right, Sig.; we will strike it heavy when we get to the diamond mines.

Sig.—When we gets there; but when do we?

Bill.—Oh! we will soon get there; they told me at the last place that it was not far; but, Sig.—

Sig.—What?

Bill.—Have you got your credentials with you?

Sig.—Yes, there all right, you bet.

Bill.—Then you are the real, genuine, original Simon-pure, and no mistake—Queen Victoria's Royal Nursery Jester?

Sig.—'Ears me papers. [*Opens and reads.*] Notice to all what it concerns; that this Royal Dockayment is to prove that the gentleman what holds this is the genuine "Right Honorable Mr. Signor Gypturn, Esq., P. J."

Bill.—P. J.; what's that stand for?

Sig.—Punch and Judy, better known as Queen Victoria's Royal Nursery Jester, and his troupe of lilliputian wooden-headed mimics, in their original operatic Comical Tradgedy of Punch and Judy. P. S. Please excuse blots and bad spelling. In 'aste, yours, truly, Queen Victoria, Emperer of the Indias.

Bill.—Something like; something like; that will catch them every time. There's lots of English at the Diamond mines, and every man of them will give a diamond to see the Queen's own Jester. Hello! here comes some one. [*Enter Cap. Belmont.*]

Cap. Belm.—Ah! good day, gentlemen.

Bill and Sig.—Good day, sir.

Bill.—Who have I the honor of addressing?

Cap. Belm.—I am Captain Belmont of her Majesty's Army.

Bill.—Then allow me to present to your notice, Signor Gyptum her Majesty's Royal Jester.

Cap. Belm [*surprised*].—Happy to meet you, Signor Gypter.

Sig.—Ditto Cap; ditto [*they shake hands*]. Captain, this 'ere gentleman is Colonel Bill. [*Cap. and Bill bow to each other, Sig. bows to both.*]

Bill.—Happy to meet you, Captain. Shake old boy, shake. [*They shake.*]

Cap. Belm.—Colonel, may I be so bold as to ask to what service you belong?

Bill.—Why, to the great American and European Transatlantic Quadruple Amusement and Novelty Combination.

Cap. Belm [*smiling*].—Ah! I see; well, gentlemen, my company is marching to the Cape and I just strayed ahead a little to see if I could get some shooting, so I will have to bid you good day and rejoin them.

Bill.—All right, Cap; here's a pass; drop in and see the show. [*Exit Cap. Belm.*]

Sig.—Say, Bill, my being a Jester is what fetched him; didn't it brake 'im all up.

Bill.—I don't know; say, Sig, why the deuce didn't you ask the way?

Sig.—I don't know; but, why didn't you?

Bill.—I'm blamed if I know.

[*Two monkeys have hold of the same cocoanut and jump up and down, screaming.*]

Bill.—Say, Sig., twig the monks.

Sig.—I say, Bill, we're rich, we are.

Bill.—Now, Sig.; on a rough guess, what do you

think these monks are worth when we get them to New York?

Sig.—'ow many do you think we have got?

Bill.—Well, there's more nor a million to get.

Sig.—And they are worth \$10 each at least?

Bill.—Yes; bankrupt prices at that.

Sig.—Let me see, one million, at \$10 each; why, Bill, that must be more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Bill.—My English friend, the total abstinence of mathematical inspiration incorporated in your unintellectual system is truly astonishing.

Sig.—What is it, Bill?

Bill.—Come, let us get our monkeys.

Sig.—How?

Bill.—Do you see this bottle? [*Holds up bottle.*]

Sig.—I should smile.

Bill.—Well, you aint going to smile out of this, but you can get me a cocoanut instead.

Sig.—ere's one, Bill; now, what are you going to do with it?

Bill.—I'll show you; but first break it in half.

Sig.—No sooner done than said.

Bill.—[*Pours liduor into cocoanut from bottle.*]

There, that will do it.

Sig.—Ah! yum, yum; that smells good.

Bill.—Yes; that smell catches monks as well as Punch and Judy men.

Sig.—Ah! I should like to see the creetur as it wouldn't catch; but how will it catch monks?

Bill.—Why, we will make believe drink it, and then put it down and go away. Here, what are you doing? [*Seizes bottle from Sig., who was drinking.*]

Sig.—Making believe drink it, and putting it down.

Bill.—[*Looks at bottle.*] Yes, I see you've been putting it down pretty lively. Sig., I fine you five dollars for breaking the rules [*marks down on book*] of this company, by drinking intoxicating liquor.

Sig.—Oh, Lord! all the time fined; I can't never get a new stitch of clothes even for Punch. Say, Bill, how much is there coming to me now?

Bill.—Let me see: [*looks at book*] you are now in my debt four dollars.

Sig.—Jimeny ! I'm getting rich fast. But how about catching our monks ?

Bill.—Oh, yes, I was telling you how to catch them; well you see we make out drink the liquor, then put it down and come away?

Sig.—What then?

Bill.—Why the monks will do the same as if I came away and left you.

Sig.—What's that?

Bill.—Why, get drunk, of course.

Sig.—Now, Bill, I 'as my feelings, and I don't like nobcdy to insinevate.

Bill.—Oh, I'm not insinuating; come along with me [*puts down liquor and then hide*].

Bill.—Say, Sig., what are you emptying them mimics out of the bag for?

Sig.—Why, to put the monks in.

Bill.—Put the monks in, why, that's not large enough to hold one.

Sig.—That's so, Bill, you'r right. Well, I'll fix them up while we are waiting. Say, Bill?

Bill.—What?

Sig.—Say, Bill, what am I going to have out of this 'ere spec.?

Bill.—Oh, I'll do what's right; there's nothing mean about me.

Sig.—Look, Bill! if there ain't monkeys a rowing a boat!

Bill.—They ain't monkeys, they're nigs; say, Sig., wipe off them figures' faces; they are too dirty, even to look natural.

Sig.—All right, Bill.

Bill.—Put a little red on that cop's nose; who ever saw a cop without a red nose?

Sig.—Yes, I'd like to know that. But, say, Bill, I think that stuff is too weak to make them monks drunk.

Bill.—Why, they're not copper lined like you. There they are, off their kerbase allready; come, let us gather them while they are ripe. [*They gather monkeys. Cannibals sneak in and fire spear. It sticks near Bill. He turns and sees Cannibals. Monkeys all escape. More spears are fired and Bill*

jumps around to avoid them and halloo's while Sig. hides behind rock. Cannibals commence to laugh at Bill.]

Sig.—Keep it up Bill—keep it up Bill while I screeches for 'elp. Keep it up or we are goners, sure.

[Bill gets tired and tries slow dance. Cannibals then throw another spear.]

Bill.—Sig., Try them on punch, and see if that will hold them. I'm nearly done up. *[Sig. puts up figure. Cannibals laugh, but after awhile they get tired and begin to yell.]*

Bill.—Sig., Sig., they're getting tired; come, dance; dance for your life; if you don't you will be eaten raw. *[Sig. joins in dance, same time working figures. They get tired and try Pat Rooney biz. Cannibals rush at them. One snatches figure from Sig. and tries to knock its brains out against a tree. Sig. knocks Cannibal down and beats him with figure, while Bill floors one after another, but they are overpowered and tied to trees. Punch being also tied to tree. Cannibals dance and showmen yell. In rushes Ed. and crowd, fight Cannibals, but are overpowered. Some are tied to trees, others hand and feet—the two women to trees.]*

Bill.—Sig., Sig., tell them that you are the Queen's Royal Jester, that may stop them.

Sig.—Ah, Col. Bill, as I expects soon to die I confesses I am not a genuine, but I am as good as though I was.

Bill.—Then we are lost.

Mrs. M.—Oh, Heavenly Father, have I not suffered enough? Oh, what have I done that I should be tortured like this, parted from my darling child for more than twenty years, twenty years of terrible heartrending sorrow and uncertainty, then after having him unexpectedly restored to me, grown to manhood, the image of his father, high minded, true loving, everything my fondest hopes could wish, to have him again ruthlessly torn from my arms, almost before his first welcome kiss has grown cold on my lips, God help me!

Ed.—Oh, mother, dearest mother, do not despair;

God who has watched over and protected us so long will not desert us now.

Kate.—Dear Brother, oh, that these savages would be satisfied with my life and let you live for my poor mother. [*sobs.*]

Ed.—Kate, if I could only get my limbs free I think there might still be hope of escape.

Mrs. M.—Oh, God, my heart will burst.

Cap. M.—There, mother, my dear wife, do not give up hope, you who have kept up for so many years of misery will surely not succumb now.

Mrs. M.—Yes, father, I have kept up through supreme effort in the almost hopeless search for tidings of my lost child, but after the joy of having my wildest hopes more than realized, this new misfortune (from which there seems no escape), has dashed aside my new born happiness; my burthen is too heavy; forgive me father, I cannot help it; I sink beneath it. [*faints.*]

Ed.—Can Heaven still look so calm while these fiends of Hell torture that saint like form; oh, God, forgive me for losing faith; my brain's on fire; I cannot endure this anguish, I shall go mad, mad. [*drops struggling.*]

Cap M.—Forget not my dear children that there is a higher power than all on earth, who can deliver us from our dreadful fate. My children and friends, let us pray to the all powerful God for his help.

Jas.—Massa Ed., Massa Ed., I understand wot des say, and deys going fur ter——

Ed.—All right friend Jasper, don't tell it.

Jas.—Yes, but Massa Ed, deys going fur——

J. Thomp.—It don't matter Jasper, it don't matter.

Jas.—It does matter, deys going ter kill Massa Ed.

Ed.—Hush Jasper, hush, I say.

Kate.—Oh, brother, I can see by their wicked glances that these savages intend to do us some terrible harm. Oh, is there no hope of rescue?

Bill.—Yes, Miss, but it's a mighty slim one.

Kate.—Oh, what is it?

Bill.—I heard just before you came that a com-

pany of English soldiers would soon pass near here on their way to the Cape, if we could let them know the trouble, we would receive help.

J. Thomp.—What, did you say there was help near?

Bill.—Yes; soldiers.

J. Thomp.—Where?

Bill.—In that direction, and they can't be far away now.

J. Thomp.—Oh, God, I must get free [*tries*]. Oh, these terrible thongs they cut my flesh to the bones. Heaven pray give me strength to burst my bonds, no matter what torture, I must get free [*gets loose*]; friends, I am loose; keep up your courage, I will make a dash for liberty and help [*dashes off, Cannibals follow, but return without him; they then dance around and lead out Ed*].

Mrs. M.—[*who has just revived*]. Oh, Edward, Edward, my darling son, it cannot be that the Lord will allow these fiends in human form to murder my darling before his mother's eyes.

Kate.—Hark! I hear a sound of drums; yes, and it is coming this way.

Jas.—Yes, Missy Kate heard right, der's drums, and dey's coming dis way fast [*all cry for help, answers from distance; Cannibals make Ed kneel down, while one dances around with club; he goes to strike, but Ed jumps up, knocks Cannibal down and seizes club; he swings club around keeping them at bay, when one gets behind and is about to stab him in the back, when the mother shrieks. Cannibal stops for moment, and as he again goes to strike, J. Thomp' rushes in, seizes knife and stabs Cannibal. Savages are about to rush at him, when some shots are fired and the soldiers rush in with fixed bayonets with Cap. Belm. at their head, they kill and disperse the savages, while some release prisoners, mother, daughter and father and Ed. embrace, while soldiers, savages, &c., form tableau.*

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT V.

SCENE 1ST. (*Room in Mr. Ferguson's house. Mr. Ferguson discovered in chair, looking at portrait of Ed.*)

[*Enter Thomas.*]

Thom.—Two gentlemen down stairs, sir, wish to see you.

Fer.—Their names?

Thom.—I asked them for their names, sir, and they said that they could not spare them; but here they are coming up. [*He goes to stop them, but is pushed aside, and Ed. runs to Ferguson, seizing his hand and nearly crushing it. Fer. looks surprised and offended, drawing his hand away.*]

Ed.—Why, it cannot be possible that you have forgotten me?

Fer.—Eh, ah no, it cannot be; it is not you, is it, Ed.?

Ed.—Yes, yes, it is me; did you forget me, my dear friend?

Fer.—Forget you, no indeed, Ed.; but you have changed so in appearance that I did not know you at first; give me your hand, my boy; ha! ha! so it is actually you.

Ed.—Yes, dear friend, I know that I have changed, but, believe me, it is only outwardly; but, excuse me, I was forgetting, allow me to introduce my friend, Captain Thompson, Mr. Ferguson. [*They shake hands, &c.*]

Ed.—I have not asked after my friends yet. I feel—

Fer.—They are well, Ed., you need not fear.

Ed.—And Alice.

Fer.—Is well, too, but looks rather pale and care-worn, but you are the doctor to cure all that; the rest of the family are all enjoying good health.

Ed.—I have news, dear friend, that I think will please all.

Fer.—What is it, Ed.?

Ed.—I have found my father, mother and sister.

Fer.—What? is it possible, Ed.; when and where did you find them, and where are they now, Ed.?

Ed.—They are now in New York City, we just arrived to-day, and I immediately came over here to see you and the rest of my friends, and also to clear up the mystery that must have attended my sudden disappearance.

Fer.—Well, Ed., I am heartily glad that you have come back, and I cannot say that I am sorry for what has happened, as it has been for the best, after all.

Ed.—What did you think had become of me?

Fer.—Well, my dear boy, I can honestly say that from the first I have protested in your innocence, notwithstanding the evidence was unexplainable and certainly not in your favor.

Ed.—Evidence not in my favor; why, my dear friend, I do not understand you; what do you mean?

Fer.—Why, Ed., you surely are aware that on the night you disappeared my office was robbed.

Ed.—What! robbed, did you say?

Fer.—Yes, did you not know of that?

Ed.—No, how could I; but tell me all about it. I cannot fathom this.

Ferg.—Well, as I said before, the night of your disappearance the safe was robbed. I was going to Washington early that morning, and called into the office to leave a note for you, but when I got to the door it was open, and when I entered I found everything in confusion. and the safe open, which, upon examination, I discovered was robbed of over \$150,000.

Ed.—Great Heavens! how could that have happened? for I remember as distinctly as though it was but this minute that I securely locked the safe the night before, then put the key in my pocket. Ah! the keys in my pocket; how was the safe opened?

Ferg.—With our keys.

Ed.—Our keys! Why I lost them the night I was seized by mistake as being one of this gentleman's crew; they were in the pocket of my coat; so then it was the keys that caused suspicion of me as being the guilty party.

Ferg.—And your coat.

Ed.—What ! my coat also ; oh ! who could it have been that has attempted to brand me as a thief ?

Ferg.—Never mind, Ed. ; it is not worth troubling yourself about it now ; the thief only succeeded in taking \$1,000, after all.

Ed.—Only \$1,000 taken. Why, I thought you said there was over \$150,000 taken ?

Ferg.—Yes, so there was from the safe, but it was all recovered except \$1,000.

Ed.—Where ? how ?

Ferg.—In a hat which was lying on the floor near the window, from which it is supposed the burglars escaped.

Ed.—The money in the hat ?

Ferg.—Yes, with the name of John T. on it.

J. Thomp.—What ! my hat ?

Ferg.—Your hat.

Ed.—Oh, friend Thompson, can you not explain some of this mystery ? Yes, yes, I can see by your face that you can ; then, for Heaven's sake, do so ; remember when you were shot with poisoned arrows in Africa how I sucked the wounds at the risk of my own life, and I would have risked it again a hundred times, if need be, to save yours ; so, if you know aught of this robbery, speak and save my honor, which to me is even more precious than life itself ; tell them what you know and clear me from all suspicion ; remember that you promised to clear all up when we arrived here.

J. Thomp.—Yes, Ed and I will if I have to lose my life in doing so.

Ed.—But why did you not tell me of the robbery before ?

J. Thomp.—Because I did not know of it.

Ed.—You did not know of it, then you cannot clear me ?

J. Thomp.—Yes, Ed, I will prove you innocent of all yet ; I did not know of this robbery before, but now my eyes are opened, I begin to see through it all. Oh, why should I be brought into everlasting dishonor, even when I in my weakness think that I am doing right ; I will be so no more but will tell

all; then, though you will abhor me, you will pity me, friend I must no longer call you.

Ed.—That shall not be, for you have proved yourself a friend to me and mine, and that, I shall always be unto you no matter what you are. If what you have to say makes you feel so bad, then tell it not, even though your silence injure me.

Ferg.—Give me your hand Ed, those are the feelings of a genuine man, true, loving and forgiving.

J. Thomp.—Thank you, Ed, noble, kind hearted fellow that you are, but before I again call you friend (although I will always remain that to you). I must tell my story, then judge me. Seven years ago I lived in London, where I worked as a junior clerk at a small salary, so small indeed, that it did not serve me for common necessities, but I could then look in any face with a conscience free from guilt, having the proud knowledge that though poor, I was an honest man, which to me was a far nobler title than any wealth alone could purchase. Yes, I was then honest, and should have remained so, had not my tempter appeared in the person of a former school mate of mine, whom I had not seen for many years, but who had always exercised a subtle influence over my rather weak mind, he was well dressed and well fed, and he laughed at me for starving, when I could get plenty by merely helping myself, he said that the world owed me a living, and if it did not give it to me, why, take it of course. Being half starved, I at last was tempted, and helped rob a merchant's office, my share of the plunder being \$3,000, which like all ill gotten gains went the way it came, I actually feeling relieved when I stood penniless; since then until this unfortunate affair I have been honest, and have managed to save the full amount we took with interest, but I have been unable to discover the merchant, as he had left for America soon after the robbery.

Ferg.—Did you know his name?

J. Thomp.—Yes, how could I ever forget it? I heard afterward that the robbery completely ruined him; his name was George Ferguson.

Ferg.—And he kept in King street?

J. Thomp.—Yes, yes. What! did you know him?

Ferg.—Yes.

J. Thomp.—Then tell me where he is, that I may repay him and suffer my just penalty.

Ferg.—I am he whom you so wronged.

J. Thomp.—You? Then have me punished as I deserve.

Ferg.—No, but I will forgive you all on one condition.

J. Thomp.—Name it, name it; let it be what it may I am content, for I have found you.

Ferg.—And that condition is, that you shall clear up the mystery surrounding Edward, as much as lies within your power.

J. Thomp.—I will, I will; Oh, Ed. I must tell you that you were purposely abducted by me.

Ed.—Purposely abducted by you? No, I cannot believe it, why should you do so?

J. Thomp.—Because I met my former partner in guilt, who told me that you were hunting him down for a reward, and that he would be compelled to commit murder to save his own life, if I did not remove you from his track, which I believing, very foolishly consented to do.

Ferg.—And the robbery?

J. Thomp.—Of that I am perfectly innocent, but upon the night of Ed's abduction I lost my hat, and found another, which I think will prove a clue to fasten the crime upon the guilty one, whom I now have good reason to suspect to be he who first tempted me to crime.

Ferg.—But where can he be found now?

J. Thomp.—I believe that he's on this island, and not far from here, and if you have the faith to trust me, after hearing what I am, I will do my best to find him.

Ed.—Go friend Thompson, and may God lead you to success; I put full faith in all you say.

Ferg.—And so do I; but by the way, here is the address of the detective engaged on the case; if you should call on him you might be of mutual service to each other [*hands card*].

J. Thomp.—Thank you, my dearest friends, for that you have proved yourselves to be, but, before I go allow me to return the amount we so mercilessly stole from you, here it is, the full amount with interest.

Ferg.—Not now, friend Thompson, when you return we can talk it over.

J. Thomp.—No, I cannot stir unless you accept what is rightly yours, then I can go about with a light heart for the first time in seven years. [*Pays money to Ferg.*]

Ferg.—John Thompson, there is the making of a good man in you.

J. Thomp.—I now feel like a man once more; I will succeed, for I will know no such word as fail. I will return here at six to-night. [*Exit.*]

Ferg.—Poor fellow, he has indeed suffered for his one wrong step. Is he rich, Ed?

Ed.—No, he can't be, for he lost his vessel which was not insured, and he has now given you his money belt with its entire contents, I believe, and which he always guarded most carefully.

Ferg.—He has, and now has the heart to feel happy. Well, Ed., what are thinking of?

Ed.—I was wondering if Alice also, like others, believe me guilty.

Ferg.—No indeed, Alice would hear of nothing against you, but insisted that all would yet come out right.

Ed.—Dear, generous-hearted girl, and I so near her now, I must not delay longer but run over and see her.

Ferg.—No, Ed., my boy, as a favor to me wait awhile, for I have promised Alice a present on her birthday, which is to day, Christmas.

Ed.—And was to have been our wedding-day.

Ferg.—And will too.

Ed.—Ah! but perhaps Alice—

Ferg.—Stop Ed, I know what you will say, but she still remains the same to you. I am old, but not too old to see that, eh, Ed., ha! ha! ha!

Ed.—But why not let me go and see her now?

Ferg.—Because it would spoil a nice little surprise

that I have in store for her, ha! ha! ha! The present I am going to give her is that [*points to portrait of Ed. in Easel*].

Ed.—What! my portrait?

Ferg.—Yes, but as there appears to be some little difference between it and you as you now appear, I wish to present her with the original to judge the likeness by, but I want to present them in my own style, do you see, Ed.?

Ed.—All right, dear friend, whatever you say I will do.

Ferg.—Well, we have over three hours yet, so let us hasten over after your father and mother.

Ed.—And sister. Don't forget sister Kate.

Ferg.—And Kate. Oh, you lucky fellow, Ed., I almost wish that I was wrecked, that I might find a sister, too, ha! ha! ha! Well, Ed., come along, and as we go you must tell me all about your adventures [*exit together*].

SCENE 2d:—*Open country.*

[*Enter, Thompson and Jasper*].

J. Thomp.—Now, Jasper, I want you to take particular notice of the man whom I am going to meet presently, so that you will know him wherever you may see him afterwards, and also to what we may say to each other, so that, if required, you can repeat every word; you must be sure that you make no mistake.

Jas.—I ain't a making no mistakes just now, captain.

J. Thomp.—Then, Jasper, you think that you know exactly what you have to do?

Jas.—Yes, sar, and by Golly I does it, too.

J. Thomp.—That's right, but of course you understand that you must not let this man see you, or he would not speak out and give himself away; but hide; I see him coming [*Jas. hides*]. Am I doing aught that is wrong in delivering Hovey up to justice? No, I do not think I am, for even as partners in crime he proved false by leading me into abducting an innocent man to further his own base schemes. No, he has been my ruin, and if I let him escape through any false idea of mercy he may suc-

ceed in leading others astray as he did me [*enter Count*].

Count.—So, John, you have returned, and, I suppose, want to be paid for the job. Well, if you wish any money you will have to give me a hand in a little snap that I have laid out for to-night, for I have not got the money yet.

J. Thomp.—No money; why what did you do with the thousand dollars you got the night of the abduction?

Count.—What thousand dollars?

J. Thomp.—The thousand dollars you got out of the safe?

Count.—Hush ! how do you know it was me that robbed the safe?

J. Thomp.—Because you left my hat behind and I had yours.

Count.—Yes, damn it, if it had not been for that hat of yours I might now have been a rich and high-toned man; you will have to help me still further.

J. Thomp.—How?

Count.—By helping me to kidnap a girl.

J. Thomp.—And if I refuse?

Count.—I am not afraid of your refusing, for you dare not.

J. Thomp.—Oh, Jack, pray let me off from assisting any more in these crimes which can only lead to prison or something worse.

Count.—See here John Thompson, if you are beginning to snivle at this late day, the next thing you will be peaching. Now, I want you to understand that there is no let up in me, so you have to do just as I want you or you'll be a goner in less than no time. Do you hear?

J. Thomp.—Well, if I must I must, I suppose, but I ask you again, Jack, to have mercy on me, and do not ask me to commit any more crime.

Count.—Ha! ha! ha! well, you'r a nice chicken; some frightened girl, I think, trying to pass off as a man, but John Thompson it won't do, with a word I can send you behind the iron bars for the rest of your miserable life, so you have to do just as I tell you without any further palaver, too.

J. Thomp.—Well, where does the girl live that is to be kidnapped?

Count.—Over in that house with her uncle, Judge Pendleton. She was engaged to that skunk that you took away.

J. Thomp.—When you get her what do you mean to do with her?

Count.—Do with her? why bring her to a hiding place that I know of that would never be discovered. The girl's rich and worth a ransom, and I mean to get it; do you understand?

J. Thomp.—I think I do.

Count.—Ah! I will make a man of you yet. All you have to do in this case is to be outside the house at eight o'clock to-night. This being Christmas they will have a party there, and under some pretence I will get her to walk out on the balcony, then you come up behind and we will gag and bind her, then hurry her off in a carriage which I will have in waiting.

J. Thomp.—Oh, that's the way is it; then all right.

Count.—You will be there without fail?

J. Thomp.—Yes, I will.

Count.—All right, I must go; remember eight o'clock, and see that you'r on time. [*Exit.*]

J. Thomp.—Yes, I will be there, and endeavor to undo some of the villainy which I so unconsciously assisted in accomplishing. Jasper, come, he is out of sight now.

Jas.—Yes, sar, hab he gone?

J. Thomp.—He's gone; did you hear what he said, and notice his looks?

Jas.—Yes, sar, and I seed him too. Him am the same man what said Massa Ed. was a serter. Isent I right, Captain?

J. Thomp.—Yes, Jasper, he is the same one, but tell me how did you recognize him?

Jas.—Ise black, Captain, but I isent no fool, I isent. I seed a bit of his red hair sticking out from under his black wig, and I knowed his eyes as soon as I seed him.

J. Thomp.—Jasper.

Jas.—Yes, sar.

J. Thomp.—Do you still agree to help Ed. and I to foil this villain to-night?

Jas.—Shure I'se born, Captain, I will help, even if I'se killed I don't care, anytime I'se ready fur to help you or Massa Ed.

J. Thomp.—Thank you, Jasper, you are a faithful fellow. Come then let us prepare for to-night, for the man we have to deal with is no coward.

Jas.—Dis am going to be a black night for somebody shure as you live, Captain, and dis chile am going to hab his share of de fun, you bet.

SCENE 3RD—*Parlor in Judge Pendleton's House.*

Alice discovered arranging flowers

Al.—This then is Christmas at last, and I am now of age. This was to have been my wedding day. Alas! what a sad wreck I feel, instead of the joyful happy bride I should have been; and Edward, where can he be? Not the slightest news of him in all these long weary months. What dreadful mystery hangs over his fate. Oh! my heart fears the worst, kind Heaven, can it be that I will never see my first and only love again? Oh! Father of Mercy, pray restore him to me; even if guilty, I cannot but love him. What—What have I said? If he were guilty; guilty—'tis false; a base slander on the noblest and truest heart that ever beat.

[*Enter Florence.*]

Flo.—Ah, Alice, still grieving after Edward; you must cheer up; the runaway will return one of these days, so don't look so woe-begone.

Al.—It seems so strange, Florence, if living, his continued silence. He may have been foully dealt with—murdered, perhaps. Oh horror! Horror! His corpse now crying for vengeance, while I, who love him so, instead of avenging his wrongs, am only fretting and crying for his return.

Flo.—Alice dear, you think too seriously of Edward's absence. Of course it appears strange that none of us can account for it in any way, but still it is folly imagining that he has been murdered just because he has not made known his whereabouts;

of course I will not pretend to say that nothing has happened to him.

Al.—Florence, when I think of him being harmed, my weak womanhood vanishes, my arm grows strong and my courage rises to that of the tigress in defence of her young. Oh, Edward, let thy spirit guide me to your destroyers, and they will indeed feel a woman's vengeance for the loss of one dearer to her than her life's blood.

Flo.—Alice! Alice! What has come over you? I never saw you thus before. You seem to be entirely changed; you, so gentle and loving, to be threatening revenge—it frightens me, Alice, to listen to you. You must not let your feelings overcome you in this way, dear cousin; besides, you will spoil your sweet face for your birthday party.

Al.—Oh! I must be losing my senses, Florence, to be crying for vengeance, and this “Christmas, the day of peace and good will unto all”—Oh! I must be mad. Do I not know that God above rules all? Yes; Edward's spirit seems to whisper me patience, and put my trust in our Heavenly father, for He never deserts His children who put their full faith in Him. Oh, Lord, forgive me my great wickedness—but my love, my darling love, how can I live without him?

Flo.—Alice, love, I never before saw you act in this manner. Dearest cousin it grieves me to see you in such distress.

Al.—Florence, dear, pray forgive me, for I feel that my heart must soon break; but I must try to compose myself and not mar the pleasure of my friends by my selfish sorrow; but Florence dear, asleep or awake, Edward is ever present in my thoughts; cheering hopes and despairing grief alternate each other in my careworn breast; in my sleep I ever see Edward in some dire danger, on the brink of death, while I stand by and am unable to reach my hand to save him. Oh, merciful father! if this is to continue pray relieve me from my wretched life, for I cannot endure it much longer and retain my senses! [*Drops in chair and covers face with hands.*]

Flo.-- Alice, dear cousin, what anguish you must indeed suffer! Oh, let my love ease your pain. Alice, dear, how happy I should feel to see your face full of smiles and happiness as it once was. If this is being in love keep me out of it. Alice, I see the Count coming up the walk. I do hate that man; I don't see how father can tolerate him. If it depended on me he would never enter this house. [*Enter James.*]

James.--Count Casinovia. [*Exit James.*]

Flo.--Then I leave. [*Exit.*]

Al.--Florence, dear.

[*Enter Count, bowing.*]

Count.--Why, Miss Alice, you look pale and sad, and on this joyful day, too; I hope that you feel well, for I came on purpose to wish you a merry Christmas.

Al.--Thank you, Count; I hope it will prove a more happy one to you than it is to me.

Count.--Miss Alice, I assure you that it pains me greatly to see you continue to grieve so for one who from every appearance must be quite unworthy of you.

Al.--Count, it is useless for me to pretend that I do not understand you, for I do; I know that you allude to Edward, and I beg that you will never speak in this manner to me again.

Count.--Dear Miss Alice, if I said anything to offend you, pray forgive me, for if I spoke too plainly it was only my great love for you forced me to it. [*Alice shows impatience.*] Remember how patient and uncomplaining I have been these sixteen months (*which seem to me double the number of years*) loving you as no man ever loved before, and take pity on me I again offer you my hand with title and wealth. I will be your willing slave if you will only honor me by becoming my Countess.

Al.--Count, I should think from what I have already said that you would see how worse than useless it is to make me any such offers, and I hope that this will be the last time.

Count.--My dear Miss Alice, do not decide rashly. pray consider what you are refusing, think of the

high social position you would occupy, the titled mistress of my castle, you would have unlimited control over all, the entire population of my vast estates would bow down to you, I and my followers would be too willing to obey your slightest wish.

Al.—Stop, sir! I wish to hear no more.

Count.—But, Miss, allow me to finish; there has now elapsed time enough to prove my undying love, and also time enough to prove the falseness of he you still think so much of.

Al.—Sir, if you do not desist I will leave the room.

Count.—Alice, pray listen to me, can it be possible Miss, that you insist in following the same course of behaviour, does it not strike you as at least a very questionable way of acting, to refuse an upright, titled gentleman who adores you, for what?—a young man without fame or fortune, and who has proved himself untrue to you, and whom every unbiased person believes to be an ungrateful thief.

Al.—Silence, sir; how dare you force me to listen to such vile falsehoods uttered in Edward's absence; were he here, I am satisfied you would not dare to speak thus.

Count.—Miss, you indulge in very plain language, but when you say my assertions are false, pray, have you any proof that they are so, everything that I know of points to the truth of all I say.

Al.—Unhappily I have no proofs. Oh! that I had.

Count.—Well, then, Miss Alice, with all respect to you, before I leave I insist upon putting it in clear language, which I do merely in justice to myself. I should think that any lady, if not perfectly blind, would see that if a young man really loved her, he would never remain absent all these months without corresponding in some way with her, giving him all the benefit of any doubts there can possibly be that he is a thief, it comes to this, either that he cares nothing for you, or that he must be dead.

Al.—Sir, if you do not leave me of your own accord, I shall be compelled to ring, for I will not listen to another word.

Count.—Well, Miss, since you wish me to leave, of course I obey; but I am sorry that you will not listen to reason. [*Retires to back of stage*].

[*Enter Judge and Florence*].

Jud.—Ah, Count, you here. I wish you a merry Christmas.

Count.—Thank, you, Judge; and I beg leave to wish both you and Miss Florence the same.

Jud.—I came in to see if my neice, Miss Alice, would not like to take a ride with us to the village. Come, Alice, my dear, it will do you good; it will bring the roses back to your cheeks again.

Count.—Yes, I was remarking that Miss Alice looked rather pale.

Al.—No, I thank you, Uncle; I will remain and assist Aunt.

Flo.—Oh! Alice, come; it will revive you. We are going to call on Mr. Ferguson to tell him to come early, and we won't be long; there will be plenty of time for every preparation we want to make, and a sleigh ride, in the bracing air, will make you feel yourself again.

Al.—No, Florence; pray do not think of me, but start at once and enjoy yourself.

Jud.—Well, Count, as Alice won't go, we can make room for you if you wish to ride to the village.

Count.—I will accept your offer with thanks, Judge.

Jud.—Then, come along; there is plenty of room in the sleigh for all, if you do not mind sitting with Florence, and being a little crowded; I know Florence won't mind it, but if anything rather like it; ha! ha! ha! [*All laugh*].

Flo.—Papa, you know that is not true; you are a great tease.

Jud.—Ha! ha! Girls always were and always will be the same; so come, Count; but you must not stop there; recollect our party to-night; for we can't get along without you; so you must promise, Count.

Count.—You flatter me greatly, Judge; but you may rely on me, as it would be a great disappointment to myself to be absent.

Jud.—Well, let us start before it gets too late. [*Exit Count, Florence and Judge*].

Count.—*Au revoir*, Miss Alice.

Al.—Great Heavens, grant me patience. Is it not enough to suffer as I do, but that I must endure this man's impertinence and calumny of Edward. Such torments, inflicted too, by one whom I detest.

[*Enter Aunt*]

Ah, dear aunt, you must be tired; how selfish of me to leave you alone so long.

Aunt.—Not at all, Alice, dear. But why did you not take a sleigh ride with your uncle?

Al.—Dearest aunt, I feel too sad.

Aunt.—Yes, my poor darling, I know you do, and this day that should have been doubly joyful to you only tends to renew your sorrow. Poor Edward; I wonder where he is at this moment?

Al.—Yes. If I could only hear that he still lives even, I would be satisfied, but it is this dreadful suspense that is killing me. Oh, aunt, dear, do you really think that there is any hope that I will ever see him again?

Aunt.—Yes, my dear; I do have great hopes that he is alive and well, and that you will meet him again.

Al.—Oh, Aunt, you seem to ease my aching heart with your kind words.

Aunt.—That is right, my dear, cheer up; being so despondent will not make things any better; engage your mind in something, dear, and you will not have time to grieve so much; finish arranging the Christmas green for the night, and try to look more cheerful; you know that it would not look nice to meet your friends with such a sorrowful looking face; they might think their welcome doubtful, so try, darling, for my sake.

Al.—I will try hard, for I know it is wrong to cause annoyance to my friends on account of my own private grief, especially as they are invited to make merry on this great holiday.

Aunt.—That's right, Alice; spoken like a brave girl, keep up like that and you will find that time works wonders. Why who knows but that there

will be some young gentleman at our party to-night that you may like as well as Edward.

Al.—Oh, Aunt, pray do not speak like that to me.

Aunt.—Well, well, my dear, it is best always to see first before refusing. But I must leave you to arrange everything here, while I see after the servants. Keep your spirits up, Alice, and remember that the darkest hour is before the dawn. [*Exit aunt.*]

Al.—Yes, my dear, kind aunt puts on a gaiety she does not feel, to make me forget my troubles. I must try and do my best to appear cheerful outwardly, however I may feel in my heart. If I can only conceal my unhappiness until the last of our guests are gone, I shall indeed be thankful. Now, I think everything is in order. I will rest a little, and try to clear my face of gloom. [*Closes curtains and sits down; sings song, gradually falling asleep. Church music very low; gets darker; vision of the Nativity; vision fades away. Alice awakens and seems changed.*]

Al.—Oh, what new born joy now fills my soul, all now seems bright hope and rapturous bliss. I dreamt I saw our blessed Saviour, an infant in the manger. His Holy Mother sat beside watching him with heavenly love. The music of angels' voices sounding around his humble cot, I saw his celestial face, one glance of which drove despair and hateful fear from out my heart, and left nought but loving faith and happiness instead. [*Enter Florence.*]

Flo.—What! Alice, asleep?

Al.—Yes, Florence, I suppose I must have been, but it did me good for I feel like myself again. [*Opens curtain, shows Church.*]

Flo.—Hark! yes, sleigh bells, Alice, some of our friends are coming, we called on Mr. Ferguson but he was out, gone to New York to bring some mutual friends to our party, so Thomas told me; we left word for him to come as early as possible, [*visitors arrive, Mr. Ferguson arrives with Mr. and Mrs. Morton and Kate; introduces them as his friends, visitors go off occasionally for refreshments, music strikes up, all call for a dance, in the midst*]

of the dance, Ferguson with Alice, Ed is seen peering in the window, Ferguson motions him away, dance over, Ferguson proposes ‘Blind man’s buff,’ agrees to be blind man, cheats and catches Alice, she is blinded and Ferguson brings in Ed, he pushes Ed in her way and she catches him, guesses. No. No. Ferg. gets behind Ed, Alice feels whiskers and guesses names of those having whiskers. Ferg. says: If you don’t guess my name this time you will have to marry me. Alice says: I know it is you Mr. Ferguson, pulls off her blind and sees Ed, and draws back.] [All laugh].

Al.—Excuse me, sir, I must ask your pardon for making so free with a stranger. [Ferg tries to keep from laughing] but I felt so certain that it was an old friend that—

Ed.—Well, Alice, and do you not recognize an old friend when you see me?

Al.—What! that voice, can it be.

Ed.—Alice darling, have you forgotton me so soon?

Al.—Edward, Edward [runs into his arms, he leads her aside]. [Enter Count].

Count.—Good evening ladies and gentlemen.

[Enter detective].

Det.—I am sorry ladies and gentlemen to mar the pleasure of this gathering, but my duty compels me to state that I have an order for the apprehension of the thief who robbed Mr. Ferguson, the same party being wanted by the Bank of England for forgery.

Count.—Well, why don’t you go and find him; I am sure you won’t discover him here.

Det.—I beg to differ with you there, for I am sure he is here [general consternation; Alice clings to Edward as if she were afraid it was him wanted] and I will read a description of him which I have here. [Takes out paper and reads.] Height———feet——— inches; complexion, light; hair, reddish brown, and has very peculiar eyes; name, John Hovey *alias* Cockney Jack.

Count.—Well, you have made a mistake this time, I think. I don’t see any one answering that description here.

Det.—I must be mistaken. Yes, it does seem as if I had made a mistake. [*Thompson steps in, but no one notices him.*] Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for interrupting your festivities. I will withdraw.

J. Thomp.—Hold! there is your man—John Hovey *alias* Cockney Jack, *alias* Count Casinovia. [*All start up.*]

Count.—What! am I, a titled gentleman, to be insulted by some lunatic who I suppose has just escaped from confinement. My friends, you had better remove that madman before he does harm.

J. Thomp.—What! Jack Hovey, have you the cool impudence to pretend that you don't know me? [*Snatches off Count's wig.*] There, behold your man.

Ed.—Ah! I see it now; it was then you who had me kidnapped?

Count.—The devil! you here too. [*Draws pistol and points it at Thompson. Ed. springs in front of Thompson, seizes Hovey's arm and wrenches the pistol from him. Hovey then springs to the window, in the act of springing out.*]

Hovey.—Ah! I will foil you all yet.

Jasper.—Ise waiting for you boss. [*Throws him down.*] You must lub me, the way you throwed yourself into my arms. [*Butts him when he struggles. Detective handcuffs him and is taking him off.*]

Count.—Good-bye, dear Alice; I will keep secret our love affairs. [*Detective and Jasper run him off.*]

J. Thomp.—Hold! officer, I will go too; I am also—

Ferg.—Our dear friend [*takes him by hand.*]

CURTAIN FALLS.

FOUND;

OR,

TRUE TO THE LAST.

A SPECTACULAR DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

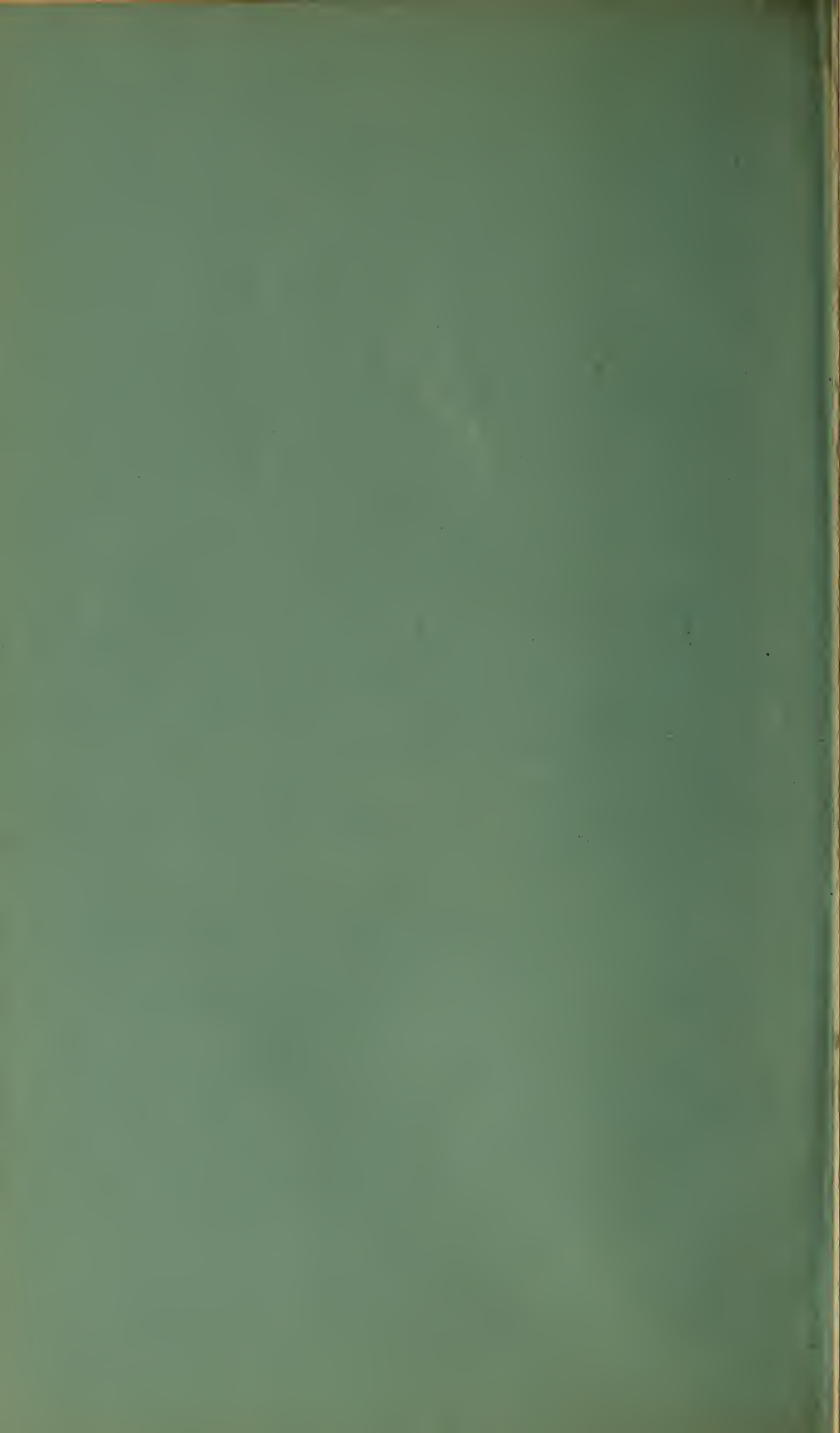
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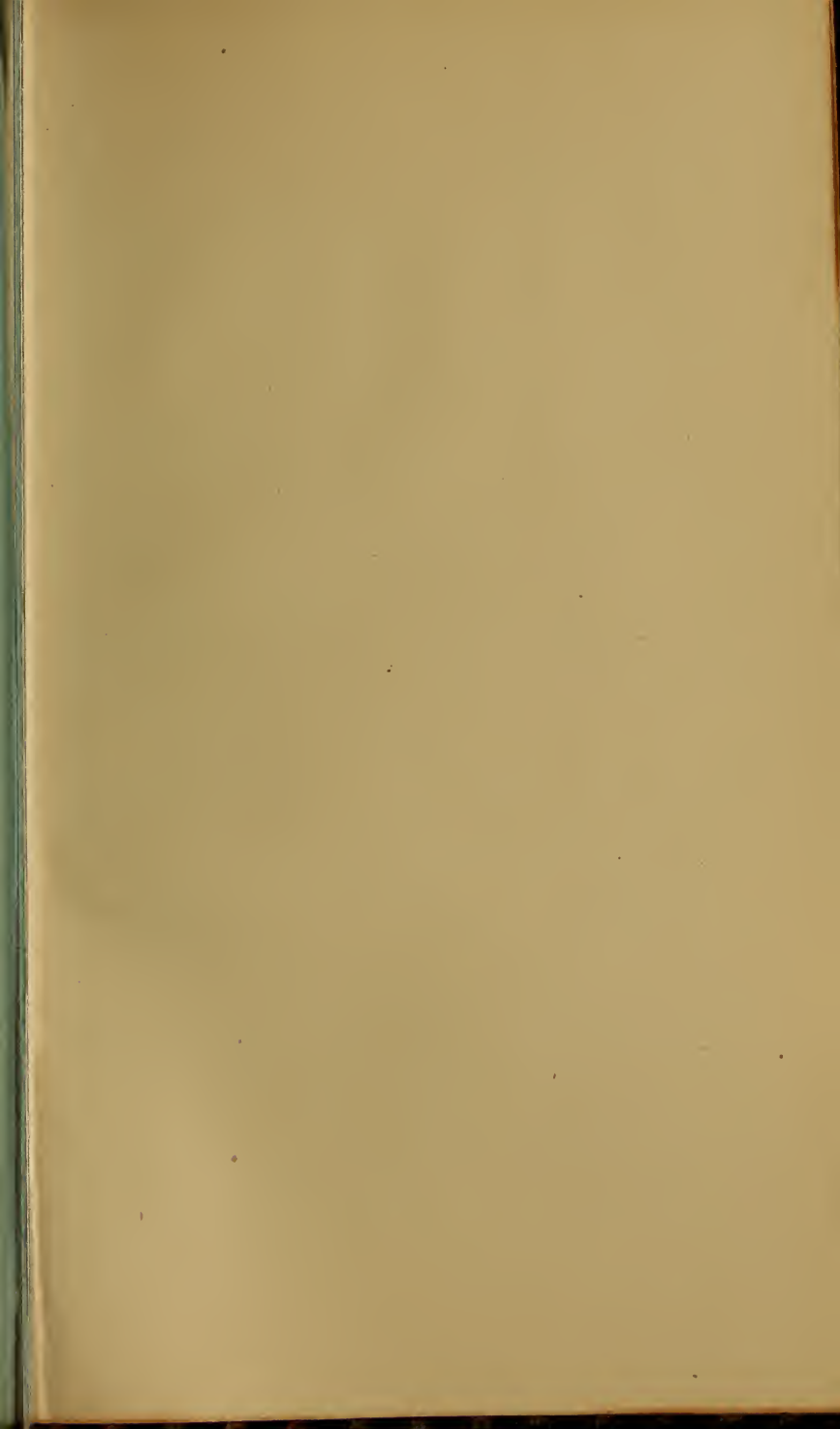
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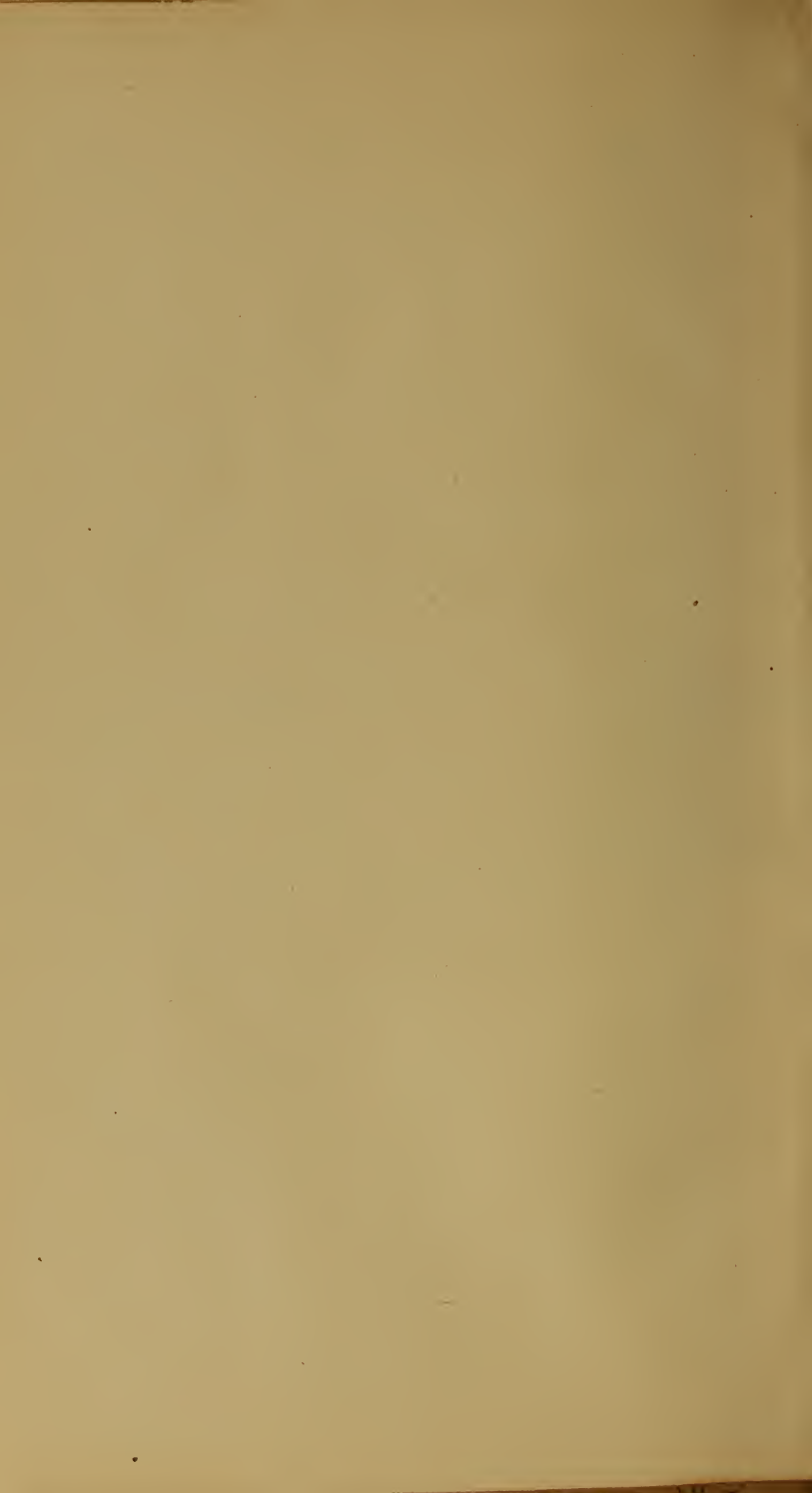
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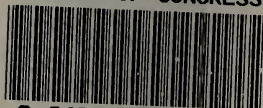
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